

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review

**RELIGION, THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE,
HISTORY and SOCIOLOGY.**

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HOMILETIC VALUES IN SHAKESPEARE

CARLYLE, in his critical essay, 'The Hero as Poet', asks a pertinent question: 'How much in Shakespeare lies hid; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself; much that was not known at all, not speakable at all: like roots, like sap and forces working underground?' It is extraordinary what depths of concentrated thought and life his work contains. In what deep waters he had waded! He did not, says Carlyle, sit like a bird on a bough, singing his songs offhand, not knowing the troubles of men. How could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered? And Carlyle concludes that Shakespeare's works are so many windows through which we see a glimpse of the world that was in him. 'Passages there are that come upon you like splendour out of Heaven; bursts of radiance illuminating the very heart of the thing.' Thus Shakespeare preaches repentance, mirth and charity, and points to the great world of Spirit. Behind his work is an unusually wide, and often unsuspected, range not only of aesthetic vision but of spiritual penetration. This is borne out by Professor W. F. Trench of Dublin in a recent article on what he calls 'The Christian Shakespeare', in which he says that 'the religious background of Shakespeare's thought never receives adequate attention and is usually quite ignored'. Certainly, for the preacher, his work is inexhaustible. Those who examine him intensively for the first time will be surprised at the field awaiting them. They will be rewarded much as Goethe rewards those who follow the tortuous path of Faust. Not only will they find their minds stimulated by the bare

study of the text and exhilarated by Shakespeare's zest and versatility, but they will discover a profound commentary on the ways both of God and men.

For Shakespeare above everything is profound. He is fundamental as well as elemental. He touched many things in his varied life but he touched most of them with extraordinary insight. Except intermittently, in odd interludes of wit, he abhorred the superficial. Always he launched out into the deep. To an unusual degree he penetrated the surface of experience and brought to light things both obscure and fundamental. He played with them, isolating them from their context, holding them to the light, making them the themes of his greatest plays. Thus we have, amongst others, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *The Tempest*, the philosophy of Jaques, the soliloquies of Hamlet. He, therefore, who reads Shakespeare need never lack a text. One will cry out to him at every point. Problems and principles, deep, basic things, flashes of uncanny insight and moments of almost blinding vision will emerge continually. For by emphasizing the homiletic value of Shakespeare we do not mean in the least mere quotation, the capping of sermons with apt reference or the embroidering of addresses with tags. We mean rather such an assimilation of Shakespeare's language and spirit as shall make them the substance of our own thought, enlarging vision, correcting perspective, widening our humanity and developing latent instincts and intuitions.

As an introduction, no man can help us more than A. C. Bradley. His book, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, should have its place among our more orthodox commentaries, particularly its opening chapter on the substance of a Shakespearean tragedy. What is the substance of a Shakespearean tragedy? In other words what is Shakespeare's tragic conception? It is true that Bradley is not concerned with the poet's religious creed. 'We cannot be sure', he declares, 'that in his works he expressed his deepest and most cherished convictions on ultimate questions, or even that he had any.'

But does that really matter? We do not inquire the creed of one who opens to us a door. It is sufficient that the door is opened. Shakespeare opens to us many doors, not only magic casements opening on to faery seas but many an iron door, long shut and bolted, and there burst upon our astonished view unsuspected horizons. Literally, a new planet swims into our ken. We stand breathless and silent.

But, whatever may have been Shakespeare's creed, Bradley's whole emphasis is upon the power of the human spirit as revealed in his work. Achilles, Ulysses, Prometheus, Socrates, and our Lord Himself, each speak to Bradley of sublimity and intense spiritual power; and in Shakespeare's tragic period he sees, no less than St. Paul in another context, a world travailing in the pangs of birth and, through a mysterious process of waste and agony, struggling for perfection.

In reading Shakespeare, therefore, it soon becomes apparent that, whether deliberately or not, the poet is dealing with far more than mere plot. Indeed, the plot is often negligible. Any tale, good, bad or indifferent, was grist to his mill. It is the characters that matter. He knew their minds, emotions and most intimate reactions. But even more than the characters it is *character* itself, in its abstract meaning, which in the final analysis remains. As Prospero sings:

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all *spirits*.

That is their true meaning and function. They indicate the hidden dimension of life. They call our attention to other, and possibly higher, planes of existence, to obscure and subterranean depths in our nature and to the darker corridors of the soul. Thus, although Shakespeare was primarily a popular entertainer, including melodrama and slap-stick comedy amongst his greatest work, he leaves us usually with a sense of something greater and more compelling, as for example:

Our revels now are ended. . . .
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Again, like Prospero's island, Shakespeare's plays are full of echoes. There is a deep spiritual substratum. In places the atmosphere is comparable with that of the book of Job, for he is telling no mere tale of accident or good fortune; he is re-telling in his own way the old cosmic stories of light and darkness, the serpent in the garden, Jacob wrestling with the Angel, Job in his despair, Faust and Mephistopheles. His tragedies are tragedies of conflict and the conflict usually is but a variation of the persistent struggle which each man fights within himself—on the one hand, incomparable power and intelligence (What a noble piece of work is man!) and, on the other hand, incomprehensible waste and destruction. In *Hamlet* the conflict is seen in a reflective nature; in *Macbeth* we see it at work in a man of action. *Othello* is a picture of tempestuous jealousy, while the calm and stately lines of *Julius Cæsar* reveal twin tragedies of treachery and ambition. In the latter we notice particularly how, with Cæsar dead in the second act, his Spirit dominates the remainder of the play, once more an indication of the Unseen.

For a preacher, perhaps, the most practical illustration is that furnished by *King Lear*. Its cruel story makes us pause at the outset to inquire why it is that the world's greatest drama is concerned mostly with tragedy. Aeschylus, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Goethe, each provide evidence. From the ancient drama of Greece to the dark novels of Russia the accent is essentially tragic. It is tragic in a rare and overwhelming sense. There is something dark and primeval about it like a cry from an older world. The explanation is met to some extent by the cathartic doctrine

of Aristotle: 'The perfect plot must show a change in the hero's fortunes not from misery to happiness but from happiness to misery. . . . Its incidents must arouse pity and fear, wherewith to accomplish its *catharsis*, or purification of the emotions.' Thus to read or watch a play is not necessarily to be entertained. One form of literature at any rate is not designed primarily for amusement. The aim of tragedy is to educate the mind, refine the spirit, and stimulate passion and sensibility in a compassionate direction. It is to 'cleanse the foul body of th' infected world'. Hence the justification and meaning of *King Lear*. Lear himself proceeds, according to the classical formula, from happiness to misery, from security to penury. His fortunes throughout the play are constantly on the wane, but as fortune declines character increases. At the outset he is a rash and angry man. He storms and rages, wrongs his children, calls them dreadful names—'unnatural hags and plague-sores'—stubbornly holds out against their entreaties and tears, and curses poor Cordelia:

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever.

But as the play proceeds we watch him slowly changing. He loses his kingdom, fortune, home and greatest friend; at the close of the action he is a poor old man, homeless in the rain, knocking in vain upon his daughter's door. The wheel has turned full circle. He is caught like an animal in a snare.

The value of the play lies in its revelation of the power of suffering upon human character. It is true that Lear is old and at times a little mad; this heightens the effect but the change in his character is made very clear. He no longer cries for revenge. Few things are more moving than the wild scene upon the heath with the king, white-haired and homeless, in the storm. But now he is courageous. He can cry to the rain:

Pour on; I will endure.

He turns to prayer:

I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

For the first time in his life he becomes compassionate. Through his own sorrows he remembers the sorrows of others:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your lopp'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these?

He is repentant, a condition continually emerging in Shakespeare's work:

O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!

And in the end he begs forgiveness of the daughter he has wronged:

Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness; so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies.

It is a gentle finish after the dark atmosphere of the action. It is Shakespeare's fine, if unconscious, exposition of the faith of Isaiah: 'I have refined thee, but not as silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.' It is not the happy ending of a fairy tale, but then it is not a fairy tale. It is a cross-section of life, cut raw—grim and realistic. 'Its final and total result', says Bradley, 'is one in which pity and terror, carried perhaps to the extreme limits of art, are so blended with a sense of law and beauty that we feel at last, not depression, much less despair, but a consciousness of greatness in pain, and of solemnity in the mystery we cannot fathom.'

The play is full of subsidiary elements, each with its own power and fascination. Fiery imaginative energy, ruthless adherence to the main dark theme, treachery, blindness, injustice—all are here. 'It teaches', says Mr. John Masefield,

'that man is only safe when his mind is perfectly just and calm.' This is Shakespeare's constant thesis, that injustice and similar evils cloud the mind, blunt the finer instincts, lead to violence and confusion, and finally deliver the human spirit into the hands of powers it cannot control. A thoughtful mind will find here considerable suggestiveness touching the mystery of pain and the inevitability of suffering. And although no final answer is given, the soul of the reader is stirred by the sublimity of its discoveries. For instance, has the dark night of the soul ever been so vividly portrayed as in the mad scene upon the heath? The lashing rain, the wild elements, 'the mad fool, the still madder king', the tyranny of the open night—we are spared nothing. Yet out of that unholy chaos emerges the miracle of Shakespeare's greatest fool, to whom the king turns in the height of his distress, and from whom he derives not amusement this time but fellow-feeling and love. Misfortune has made brothers of them. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

To this dark tragedy we can add St. Paul's familiar words: 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the world rulers of darkness and the spiritual hosts of wickedness in high places.' For Shakespeare's tragic material is so often related to the intangible, and his tragic characters stand out as Titans against a background of cosmic darkness. Mr. Middleton Murry finds in the play an even greater theme, no less than the death of self and the birth of divine love. Slowly we see Lear's pride and stubbornness dissolve and in their place the evolution of grace and tenderness. And, as in so many of the plays, Cordelia's prophecy is only too tragically fulfilled:

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides.

Another example, and one perhaps not so easily suspected, of a Shakespearean play lighting up an inevitable principle is that of *Romeo and Juliet*. Here, both atmosphere and characterization are entirely different. The sense of impending

doom is not so evident. Storm and wild elements are missing. On the contrary, the play is full of light and brightness. The scenes are set in a Southern town. The characters are ardent and romantic. The action moves swiftly and impulsively. Everything about it is hot-spirited. We see love running riot in young blood, swords flashing in the sunshine, the hot pavements in a moment spattered with blood. With the result that the play is more tragic than romantic. It is in effect a sermon on the folly of impatience. Everything in it conspires to that end. No one pauses to consider. It is all blind and foolish haste. The result is storm, not cataclysmic, as in the case of *King Lear*, with reverberating thunder, but of blind passion and uncontrolled emotion. Never has the tragedy of haste been so powerfully set forth. Shakespeare is teaching us how, not only the fever in our blood, but also feverish and unbalanced action in human affairs is always dangerous. Like jealousy in *Othello*, like covetousness in *Macbeth*, like treachery and ingratitude in *King Lear*, it leads to tragic consequence. Only Friar Laurence advises caution.

'O let us hence,' cries Romeo, 'I stand on sudden haste.'

But the gentle priest replies:

'Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.'

It is the text of the story, with which again we may compare Isaiah: 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Shakespeare is shewing us youth and beauty dashing themselves headlong against the rocks not, as is generally supposed, of romantic love but of rashness and indiscretion. Romeo might both have won his Juliet and saved himself if only he had learned the art of caution. In the words of the Koran: 'Haste is of the Devil.'

The theme of reconciliation takes a prominent place in the later work of the poet. Against an immaterial background of fancy and magic a gentler type of character is presented, moving in a calmer atmosphere. Ferdinand, Miranda and Perdita are the pioneers of Shakespeare's 'brave new world'.

And it is a good world. It is clean and wholesome. The poet's obsession with storm and tumult whether in the blood or the skies appears to have passed. The result is like a clean shore after a gale, washed smooth by wind and tide ('Come unto these yellow sands'). Shakespeare's retirement is at hand. His thoughts turn back to the quiet earth he loved and the meadows and streams of his youth. The child, Mamillius, by the fireside with his mother, is perhaps a shadow of himself, a dim echo from his own childhood of a winter's night and a bedtime story. Although we must not read too much into such scattered hints we are probably on safe ground in Prospero's closing words. The ship at last is homeward bound, storms and heavy seas are over, Shakespeare like Prospero will retire and 'every third thought be his grave'. Or, in Paulina's language, he will, like an old turtle, wing him to 'some wither'd bough'. But his two final plays, so delicate and ethereal, for all their fancy contain an equal measure of thought and depth. Prospero is a mild edition of Lear but unlike him, although old and ill, has a nobler reason. He declares:

the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance.

He forgives the treachery of Alonso, abjures rough magic, and calls for heavenly music. Once more Shakespeare shews the victory of the Spirit:

They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.

Even Caliban in the end, that grotesque creation, gropes for mercy. He also 'will be wise hereafter and seek for grace'. Again, there is the old shepherd counselling his clownish son:

we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

So Leontes is reconciled to Hermione and Prospero forgives his brother. We find here the spirit of the New Testament. Shakespeare's last word preaches forgiveness. He shews the

rebirth of human nature, the re-creation of human hope and happiness, through the gospel of reconciliation. He shews also what hopes he places in the young. The hard cruelty and ingrained habit of age are dissolved by the ideals and hopes of youth. It is a noble tribute to their power and to their unconscious redemptive influence. No wonder Miranda is thrilled:

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in it!

Earlier, in *As You Like It* and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* Shakespeare had used the same theme.

Once again, (cries Valentine to his friend), I do
receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

And again:

Forgive them what they have committed here.

The close of *As You Like It* is, in this respect, not unlike *The Tempest*. There is the shepherd's fine analysis of love:

It is to be all made of sighs and tears. . . .
It is to be all made of faith and service. . . .
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obeisance.

Shortly after, follows Hymen's hymn:

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.

This, in part a paraphrase of Christ's own words, crystallizes a good deal of Shakespeare's philosophy. In face of such evidence we can hardly deny that he was intensely interested in religion and the world of the Spirit.

He has also a good deal to say with reference to death and immortality. Once more it is unwise to read too much into

the beauty and power of his language, but it is well to remember that it carries definite meaning. It is not just music. Sometimes we might gather that his thoughts of the grave are morbid. There is a good deal about carrion and corruption, combined at times with thoughts of absorption into light and fire reminiscent of Shelley, as in Claudio's speech in *Measure for Measure*:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world.

Yet Claudio can also say:

If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,
 And hug it in mine arms.

Shakespeare's heroes not only die well, they die magnificently. Nor does he forget the flights of angels which sing them to their rest. 'The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch.' Whether it is Falstaff, dying in bed, smiling and babbling of green fields, or Norfolk on the field of battle giving his 'pure soul unto his captain Christ', they 'owe God a death' and pay it with courage. 'The long day's task is done and they must sleep.' And who knows in that strange sleep what dreams may come?

Look, for a moment, at Cleopatra—a suicide, it is true, but isolate the word from the deed—what royalty of thought and courage:

Bring our crown and all. . . .
 Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me. . . .
 Methinks I hear
 Antony call.

And once more an anticipation of Shelley:

I am life and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life.

In conclusion, looking at the subject from a slightly different angle, probably the most daring and effective use of Shakespeare in the modern pulpit was when Alexander Whyte electrified his Edinburgh congregation, at the close of one of his sermons, with part of Antony's famous speech. His biographer records what a thrill ran through the church. Caesar's coat was almost there before their eyes.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on . . .

Whyte was preaching on the Agony of our Lord in Gethsemane. At every point he applied Antony's words:

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through,
See, what a rent the envious Casca made . . .
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,

and ended with Antony's great cry:

Now let it work.

Another passage which might with equal impressiveness be applied to Christ is York's description to his wife of the home-coming of Richard the Second:

Men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, 'God save him';
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

In other words, 'He came unto His own and His own received Him not'. It would be fatal to attempt to follow Whyte in his daring and impassioned eloquence, but we might well learn from him the power of developing more background and substance to our thought. The habit of viewing all things *sub specie aeternitas* is not beyond the reach of any and few can help more in its development than Shakespeare.

FREDERICK C. GILL.

BOSSUET AS A PREACHER

THE age of Louis XIV was a church-going age. True it was a corrupt age. Saint-Simon in his *Memoirs* paints with cynical disillusionment the intrigues of ambitious courtiers, and Louis himself in his public policy showed a callous indifference to truth when it clashed with his own interests. It was a dissolute age. The King, who married for reasons of State, was a libertine in morals during the earlier part of his reign; and when 'he turned to the love of God after the love of women failed him' the show of piety which the Court adopted in deference to its master masked a secret licentiousness which became open and unashamed as soon as he was dead. Yet it was an age which was outwardly religious. The scepticism which came to a head in the following century had yet hardly begun to work. The dogmas of Christianity were taken for granted though their implications were insufficiently realized. So, firm in faith though impure in deed, the fashionable world thronged the churches, and the sermons formed subjects of discussion at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. And among the brilliant group of Court preachers of that time Bossuet stands supreme—'the Eagle of Meaux'.

I

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet was born at Dijon on September 27, 1627, of a family of provincial magistrates. His home life was a very happy one, the father being a companion to his children. No doubt Bossuet had his father in mind when later on he gave the fine portrait of a magistrate who, having just made the court ring with his eloquence, returns to his home circle and 'altering his magnificent voice' becomes young again, 'babbling and frolicking among his troop of children with whom he delights to relax'. Bénigne was a handsome, lovable, docile child on whom 'his parents, his brothers and

sisters, and fortune herself smiled'. No constraint, no painful trial hindered his development. He was physically strong, and indeed all through his life he enjoyed remarkable health. 'Nothing makes me uncomfortable,' he said; 'the sun, the rain, the wind—all are good.' Suffering was unknown to him. 'Except during the last few months of his life one sought in vain on his brow the stigmata of the crown of thorns.' May not this freedom from illness, which made him 'patient and affable', partly explain the difference between his serene faith and the tormenting religion of Pascal?

Bénigne was tonsured for the priesthood at the age of nine and sent to the Jesuit college at Dijon, and he afterwards studied theology at the ancient college of Navarre. There he distinguished himself by his fluency and charm of speech. At the age of sixteen years people in Paris delighted to hear him preach after dinner 'as dessert'; and his facility in mastering and reproducing all kinds of knowledge soon made him an outstanding figure among his fellow-students. Bossuet does not seem to have experienced any great religious crisis; but he himself recorded the impression made upon him when he first opened a Latin Bible which his father had allowed him to take away to school. He found there 'a grace and sublimity which made him prefer the sacred writings to anything he had previously read'. He argued his first thesis in January, 1648, before the Prince de Condé, the governor of his native province and protector of his family. In 1650 he received his licence to preach. He was ordained priest in March, 1652, and a few months afterwards he received his cap as doctor of theology. His first appointment was a canonry at Metz, a town full of Protestants and Jansenists, where there was much lively controversy. Against these two sets of adversaries Bossuet used all the resources of the traditional theology. Meanwhile he preached constantly, and soon acquired the reputation of being the 'great orator' of the region.

In 1659 Cardinal Mazarin brought the Court to Metz, and the Queen-Mother, Anne of Austria, who was essentially a devotee, naturally wished to hear the eloquent young doctor. Accordingly, on October 15, she and all the Court (with the exception of Louis who had gone to Nancy) were present in the Cathedral when Bossuet preached on the life of St. Teresa, making a great impression on the Queen. In the autumn of that year he preached in Paris on various occasions, among which was the ordination retreat at St. Lazare, at the request of St. Vincent de Paul. This involved two instructions daily for eleven days, and so admirably were they adapted to their object that men postponed taking priest's orders in the hope of having Bossuet's direction again the next year. Bossuet conducted the same retreat again in 1660. Louis heard him for the first time in Advent, 1661, and immediately desired that a letter should be written by his private secretary in his name to Bossuet's father congratulating him on having such a son. Madame de Lafayette, 'the mouthpiece of the Court', mentioned his great eloquence and deeply religious tone; and the venerable Père de Neuville wished that he had lived sooner so as to profit by 'this unique master of sublimity, liveliness and pathos'. In 1671 Bossuet was made a member of the Académie, and the discourse pronounced on his reception referred to him as having 'won the applause of France by his far-famed preaching'. The same speaker referred to him as a 'Chrysostom'.

A portrait by Mignard, the engraving of Nanteuil, gives an idea of the appearance of Bossuet as a Court preacher. One is impressed by the air of youthful frankness and the full-blooded vigour of the expression. It is the countenance of a man who influences and commands, mild and yet full of manly dignity. The forehead is high and bold, and the abundant head of hair throws round him a kind of aureole. The eyes, a trifle protruding, are the eyes of a painter. Turned towards the exterior of things they look out of the canvas with a proud and scrutinizing regard; but they

radiate kindness and in their recesses they are spiritual and tender. The nose is slightly aquiline, the chin shadowed with down, and the lips, curved and voluptuous, show the wealth of his appetites; the dimpled chin completes the regular oval. The whole exhales an open-hearted confidence, and a firm equilibrium between thought and emotion, between will and instinct. In preaching Bossuet's countenance glowed with intelligence and became animated with the ardour of his thought. As a speaker he had an engaging air, sober and natural gestures, a melodious and sonorous voice, a quick decisive pronunciation, and nobility and dignity of mien. 'Everything in him spoke ; everything interested the beholder.'

For some years Bossuet's chief vocation appeared to be preaching. Besides the Lenten course at the Louvre in 1662 and the Advent course there in 1665, he frequently preached before royalty in the Parisian churches until the Advent course at St. Germain-in-Laye in 1669. In 1670 he was appointed Preceptor to the Dauphin. Only once more, nearly twelve years later, did he preach before Louis. Again in the same year, when the question of the rights of the Gallican Church assumed importance, Bossuet was chosen to deliver to the Assembly of the Clergy a sermon on the Unity of the Church designed to effect a reconciliation between the Pope and the King. In that year Bossuet was appointed Bishop of Meaux. After that he seldom preached in Paris.

II

In attempting to analyse the preaching of Bossuet we find that it was characterized first and foremost by an intense religious conviction. He was at home with the unseen. This made his sermons theological, in the sense that he was fond of dealing with the great themes of the Christian religion—the Incarnation, the Atonement and the Resurrection, as well as the Roman Catholic theme of the glory of the Virgin Mary.

Yet Bossuet's preoccupation with religion only made him more assiduous in cultivating all available arts in order to commend it. In his instruction to the young Cardinal de Bouillon he indicated the preparation necessary to form a preacher—the study of the classics, some French books such as the Provincial Letters, the Old and New Testaments, the Greek Fathers, St. Augustine and Tertullian. He was familiar with the ancient Greek writers but he felt most at home with the Latins, and Cicero especially appealed to him. From thence we can trace the harmonious and stately flow of his public speech. When before the congregation he usually allowed a large place to improvisation, for he valued those sudden inspirations which the audience gives to the born orator. He had the reputation of preparing only the general plan of his discourse and leaving the words to the moment; but the researches of M. Gazier and others among his manuscripts have made it clear that except in his later homilies at Meaux he was accustomed to write his sermons in full and carefully revise them. And often he used the material of old sermons as sketches of ideas which he expanded and embellished for use on important occasions. Thus, in a sermon preached at Metz on the Birth of the Blessed Virgin, and in the funeral sermon of Henry of Gornay, preached in 1558, there are the first outlines of the famous passage in the *oraison funèbre* of the Duchess of Orleans, in which he compared all human lives to flowing streams, of unequal importance during their course, but finally absorbed and mingled in the same ocean.

Neither did Bossuet disdain knowledge of the world as part of the equipment of one who would preach to an exalted audience. In his earlier days he was an *habitué* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet where he was on familiar terms with Godeau, Voiture, Ménage, Conrat, Balzac, Corneille and Condé, and he also frequented the Hôtel de Nevers. It was in such intellectual society that his ear became exigent and scrupulous in the use of words; and it was there that he acquired a treasure

that he could not find in the theological schools of the Sorbonne—the French language as used by polite society. Before preaching to the Court he had reflected much on the attitude he should assume in face of that august assembly, his aim being both to maintain the dignity of his office and to please his audience, and, above all, to obtain their suffrages. The words in his exordium to his first Court sermon leave no doubt upon this point. ‘O God,’ he cried, ‘see in what kind of place I find myself! And Thou knowest, O my God, what I ought to say. Give me wise words, effectual words, words full of power! Give me prudence, give me strength, give me circumspection, give me simplicity.’

Yet no account of his outward accomplishments can render the secret of Bossuet’s eloquence. He was born an orator as Mozart and Beethoven were born musicians. To quote the Père de Neuville—‘He is not formed gradually and by development, and there would be almost as much folly in trying to imitate him as madness in trying to equal him’. The *Journal des Savans* for 1704 declared that ‘the eloquence of M. de Mieux is not the result of study; everything in him is natural and superior to art, or rather the innate sublimity of his genius gives birth without effort to an art superior to that with which we are acquainted. Hence those noble forms, those fine flashes of insight, those bold living expressions’. He painted himself to the life in his panegyric on Père Bourgoing of the Oratoire. ‘With him’, he said, ‘eloquence followed like a servant; it was not carefully sought for its own sake but inspired by the subject itself. So his words poured forth like a torrent. O living and eternal God, what zeal, what wisdom, what swiftness, what force, what simplicity, what fecundity! The word of the Gospel came from his lips alive and penetrating and full of spirit and fire; his was a burning light which warmed while it shone, which sought the heart through the mind and then captivated the mind through the heart.’ No doubt Bossuet here paid Bourgoing a well-deserved tribute, but we can well believe

that he traced out a type of preaching of which his own sermons are the best expression.

Among the sermons of those days the *oraisons funèbres* occupied a prominent place. These were discourses pronounced after the death of eminent persons in which, amid a crowded and distinguished throng, the preacher expatiated on the merits of the deceased. They were often made the occasion of fulsome flattery and served as a means to show off the eloquence of the preacher. Bossuet made them a means to bring home to those who heard them 'the grand and terrible lessons which God gives to kings and to mankind'. Doubtless in these assemblies, frequented by the great, he respected the conventions and fixed on the excellencies rather than the faults of the deceased; but the truth came home to the audience with all the more appeal, because it was illustrated by positive instances rather than by shortcomings which would have to be condemned. There are passages of infinite pathos and of entralling eloquence in these orations, and they still have an interest for the historian, in that they reveal the French attitude on international questions in the days of the *Grand Monarque*. It would be too much to expect impartiality from this spokesman of a proud and conquering nation, and in his oration on the death of Queen Henrietta of England he may have been mistaken in his estimate of the English Revolution. But he was candid and sincere in speaking of Cromwell, and he even took pains to be well-informed, founding his portrait of the English Queen on the memoirs of Madame de Motteville. The noblest of his *oraisons funèbres* are those of people with whom he had been on terms of intimacy and friendship. Here he could draw on his own recollections and express his own deep feelings. Thus, his sense of personal interest in the Duchess of Orleans made him paint her charm and grace, so prematurely withered, and his affection for the Prince de Condé enabled him to show the simplicity of heart of that victorious general.

III

Bossuet has been accused of praising Louis unduly in his Court sermons, and certainly some of his panegyrics seem fulsome to us who live in these democratic times. He declared that kings were gods, that they carried on their brows the stamp of divine authority, and that they were answerable for their deeds to no man. But we must remember the hyperbolic praise lavished on royalty in those days. Witness the extravagant addresses given to the English Queen Elizabeth by Spenser and other poets. And moreover, the theory of the divine right of kings had been developed in France to such an extent that the monarch was regarded as in a sense God incarnate. Yet all his reverence for 'the Lord's Anointed' did not hinder Bossuet from a prophetic faithfulness in dealing with the royal vices. In addition to many references to the sin of ambition to which Louis was specially prone Bossuet spoke of the duties of kings. He recalled to the King that the poor were dying of hunger at his palace gates, and he dared to make reference to a royal intrigue of which all the Court was talking.

Louise de la Vallière, still hardly more than a girl, was at the beginning of a liaison with the King which, after the death of the Queen-Mother, caused a great deal of scandal. Moved by the danger of her position La Vallière escaped from the Court one day in Lent and sought refuge in a convent. Louis set out in pursuit, rejoined her, and brought her back with him. This adventure was known to Bossuet when he mounted the pulpit to preach the first sermon of his Lenten course.

One need not use much imagination to picture the scene in that little chapel of the Louvre, which is to-day the room of antique bronzes, under the dome of the Pavillon de l'Horloge. Bossuet had facing him the young King, proud of his royal power and expecting homage. The entire Court was present. There was the Queen-Mother, inwardly thanking the preacher for his courage, and near her the young Queen Marie-Thérèse, prostrating her soul before God and applying

to herself the words of the preacher. There among the maids of honour of the Duchess of Orleans was the unfortunate and fascinated sinner, already ashamed of her weakness and already repentant. There, finally, were the courtiers, the great dignitaries and ladies of the realm, so severely taken to task by the preacher for their avarice and intrigue that they hardly thought of noticing his other allusions. Bossuet knew that he might arouse the King's anger, but with an overpowering sense of his duties as a minister of religion he did not shrink from addressing Louis in such words as these:

'I would snatch away from that heart all the pleasures that enchant it and all the creatures that enchain it. O what violence to tear the heart from that which it loves! It groans bitterly. But though the victim complains and struggles before the altar it must not fail to fulfil its sacrifice to the living God. O worldly heart, I slaughter you before God and put in your place a christian heart.' And if any doubted whether he had Louis XIV in mind they must have yielded to this final thrust—'O Jesus, incline to You above all the heart of our King, who in surrendering to You is able to draw all things unto You'.

Finally, La Vallière broke away from Louis, of whom she was passionately fond, and took the vows of a Carmelite nun; and Bossuet in the pulpit of the little convent in the Rue d'Enfer celebrated her reception before the whole Court. He set forth all the sin, its strayings, its sufferings, its remorse. One soul had surrendered; the other must be besieged, the soul of the King.

A careful reading of Bossuet's Court sermons shows that far from using the pulpit as a means of paying his court to the King, he was solely inspired by his duties as a priest. Always disinterested, always modest, he sought only to enlighten his illustrious hearers and to lead them back to the paths of virtue when he saw they had departed from them. It was no sycophant who could say to Louis in 1681 at the height of his power and glory—'There is only one man

you need fear, Sire, yourself; and this is the only object you can fear without shame. When the world grants you everything, it is your greatest glory and virtue to know how to impose restraints upon yourself'. Could anything be more faithful and at the same time more tactful?

IV

The enigma of Bossuet's preaching is that he was not a popular orator even in the Court circles in which he habitually moved. After two Lenten courses at the Louvre he was replaced by Bourdaloue, who preached nine Lenten courses there and for thirty years was the idol of the sermon-loving public of Paris. This could not have been due to Bossuet's allusions to Court vices, for Bourdaloue was even more direct and vigorous in his denunciations. It may be that Bossuet's preoccupation with his duties as tutor to the Dauphin and with his literary work took up time which he had formerly given to preaching. Yet if he had been really a favourite it is difficult to see how he could have avoided more frequent public appearances.

What is the secret of this comparative lack of appeal of one whose eloquence aroused so much praise? The analogy of Edmund Burke occurs to mind. May it not be that these two eminent men were more interested in general truths than in the particular persons who were before them? The majority of people soon grow tired of sublimity, and prefer to hear one whom they feel is like themselves. Bourdaloue took pains to construct his sermons so that they could easily be followed, planning them on a set model, with introduction and divisions clearly set forth, and with frequent recapitulations of his previous arguments. This was the skill of the artist who knows that the preacher cannot have too many guide-posts in the course of his discourse. Moreover, Bourdaloue had the reputation of introducing into his sermons thinly-disguised portraits of living people; and the frivolous but witty society loved to identify a supposed reference and to see

itself in the mirror. Bossuet had no taste for such things. Even his references to Court vices were given with reluctance, and with the desire not so much to show them up as to indicate a more excellent way. His thought and feeling were in the heavenly places; and except on some great and solemn occasion the audience was not ready to rise with him.

The eighteenth century, following Voltaire, ranked Bossuet as a preacher lower than Massillon, though the learning and eloquence of his controversial and devotional writings made his name renowned throughout Europe. But in later days students turned once more to his sermons, with the result that his star as a preacher shines to-day brighter than ever. Massillon is indeed eloquent, and his sermon on 'The Few That Are Saved' contains one passage of sublime beauty. But he is often commonplace and he lacks solidity of thought. Bourdaloue shows an implacable logic and a power of discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart. He brandishes texts of Scripture like whips and pursues vices into their most secret recesses. But, at least in the sermons which were published with his approval, he lacks unction, and inspired touches and dramatic moments are rare with him. We can no longer endure Mascaron or Fléchier. But with Bossuet all is natural, living and tender. His imagination never languishes or pales in abstractions, and his thought glows with the fire of enthusiasm or passion. Everything he says he feels with intensity; he sees it; one might almost say he touches it. Hence those colourful words which, however, never obscure the underlying thought, that surging *élan*, those magnificent apostrophes. Sainte-Beuve described Bossuet as 'the man most potent in word, the most truly eloquent in the French language'. Brunetière went even further. 'Bossuet', he wrote, 'is the greatest orator whose words have ever fallen from the Christian pulpit; he is more; he is the greatest of all orators including Cicero and Demosthenes.'

HENRY HOGARTH.

‘THE CROSS LEADS GENERATIONS ON’

The changed attitude, towards Christianity, of two great poets, Swinburne and Shelley; and the influence for good, upon Swinburne, of the much-misrepresented Watts-Dunton.

I

AGREAT poet was—the pity and the tragedy of it!—drinking himself to death. The fact that Swinburne was, at one time, given to alcoholic excess, is such common knowledge that one need have no hesitation in speaking of it. But the means by which he was cajoled, as a child is cajoled out of a bad habit, are not common knowledge. They were told, for the first time—I was the teller—so long ago that this present year in which the poet’s Centenary is being celebrated, seems a fitting time, briefly, to re-tell them, especially as the publication in which the facts appeared had a very small circulation, so they will be unknown to readers of to-day.

At the time of which I write, the autumn of 1879, Swinburne was drinking brandy, and to such excess that he was a nervous, as well as a physical wreck, and was unable to leave his bed for three weeks. Had Sir Joshua Reynolds, first President of the Royal Academy, adopted Medicine, instead of Art, as was at first intended, he might have hesitated before declaring that ‘Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men, but he who aspires to be a hero, must drink brandy’.

Though a hero-worshipper (Victor Hugo, Mazzini, and Landor for instance) Swinburne’s aspirations were toward poetry, not heroism, and if anything heroic there was in his life, it was when he faced, fought, and beat to its feet, the Dragon of Drink which had him, seemingly secure, in its clutches. Not often has a dipsomaniac so resolutely broken through the toils, ‘at first cobwebs, at last cables’, of the Drink habit.

Tennyson, as the reader knows, described Swinburne as ‘A reed through which all things blow into music’, but he

found more than music in Swinburne, as the following unpublished letter which I am accorded permission to print, testifies:

'Haslemere, August, 1891

'MY DEAR MR. SWINBURNE,

'I am, and always have been your admirer, and in your Birthday Song I find metre and diction as lovely as ever, but the touch of kindness towards myself implied in your praise, or overpraise of what I have accomplished in Literature moves the heart of the old Poet more I think than even the melody of your verse.

'Accept my thanks before I pass away, and believe me,

'Yours ever,

'TENNYSON.'

When Tennyson described Swinburne as a reed through which all things blow into music, he might have added, when the two first met, and he noticed how receding was Swinburne's chin (it was Swinburne who spoke to me of my old friend Richard le Gallienne as 'Shelley, with a chin') that he thought it possible Swinburne might also be likened to a reed swayed hither and thither by the wind. The Swinburne of those days was all too weak of will, and had he been left, single-handed, to fight the craving for alcohol; had not a stronger will come to his aid, the issue might have been very different. Readers who know his volume, *Tristram of Lyonesse*, will recall that the Dedication reads:

'To My BEST FRIEND
THEODORE WATTS
I DEDICATE IN THIS BOOK
THE BEST I HAVE TO GIVE HIM'

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,
And all our wide glad wastes aflower around,
That twice have made keen April's clarion sound
Since here we first together saw and heard
Spring's light reverberate and reiterate word
Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands crowned
Here with the best one thing it ever found,
As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third.

There is a friend that as the wise man saith
 Cleaves closer than a brother: nor to me
 Has time not shown, through days like waves at strife
 This truth more sure than all things else but death,
 This pearl most perfect found in all the sea
 That washes toward your feet these waifs of life.

That was in April, 1882, when Swinburne and Theodore Watts, afterward Watts-Dunton had, for nearly three years, been living together. Hence the lines,

Life stands crowned
 Here with the best one thing it ever found,
 As of my soul's best birthday dawns the third.

Swinburne's knowledge of the Bible—'Some of the most magnificent poetry in all literature is to be found there', he said to me—was extraordinary. Perhaps that was why, remembering that 'conversion' is used in the Scriptures as meaning a new birth, he speaks of the day when he came under the influence of Watts-Dunton as 'my soul's best birthday'. In writing of 'conversion' I do not of course use the word in its religious sense, but as meaning that under the influence of Watts-Dunton, Swinburne had been so converted from his former habits, that all alcoholic excess was a thing of the past. The influence of Watts-Dunton was, moreover, perceptible in other matters. I have spoken of Swinburne's extraordinary knowledge of the Bible, but that was not the Swinburne of his alcoholic days, the Swinburne of *Poems and Ballads*, but the Swinburne who was, for twenty years, the daily companion of Watts-Dunton, of whom he once said to me, 'I read every word that Walter writes or has written', and so must have seen and perhaps been influenced by such a passage as the following by Watts-Dunton:

'The Bible reflects to-day, and will reflect for ever, every wave of human emotion, every passing event of human life—reflect them as faithfully as it did to the great and simple people in whose great and simple tongue it was written.' And of the passage in the Litany beginning, 'By thine agony and bloody sweat', Watts-Dunton had written: 'This cry, where pathos and sublimity and subtlest music

are so mysteriously blended—blended so divinely that the man who can utter it, familiar as it is, without an emotion deep enough to touch close upon the fountain of tears, must be differently constituted from some of us.'

Swinburne's knowledge of, and his reverence for the Bible are, however, subjects apart from his reclamation from drink. My reason for touching on them here is to bear testimony to the fact that he deeply regretted much that he had written (often under the influence of alcohol) in his youth. One poem in which he had assailed the Founder of Christianity, he particularly deplored. 'I would give a great deal to be able to recall it,' he said to me, 'but to do so would only newly direct attention to that which I wish forgotten.' Otherwise, I believe, he would not only have recalled, but would publicly have repudiated the offending and offensive lines.

Had Shelley lived as long as Swinburne, the same change would, I believe, have come about. With Shelley he had much in common. I do not mean that both came of old and landed families, and that both were at Eton and Oxford, but that, in the lyric beauty and splendour of their Song, the two were akin. Moreover, Shelley was a rebel, as was Swinburne in his youth; Shelley, like Swinburne, shocked and outraged the religious world by his writings. But the resemblance does not end there. From an unpublished letter to his sister (November 25, 1902), Swinburne wrote of Shelley and himself as 'Holding and preaching the same general views'. Now may I quote a passage from *Dreamthorp* (the loss is all theirs who do not read and re-read that remarkable book) in which Alexander Smith writes of Shelley?

'I am certain that before his death the mind of that brilliant genius was rapidly changing—that for him the Cross was gathering attraction round it—that the wall which he complained had been built up between his heart and his intellect was being broken down, and that rays of a strange splendour were already streaming upon him through the interstices. What a contrast between the darkened glory of *Queen Mab*—of which in after life he was ashamed, both as a literary work and as an expression of opinion—and the intense, clear, lyrical light of this triumphal poem!'

A power from the unknown God,
 A Promethean conqueror came:
 Like a triumphal path he trod
 The thorns of death and shame.
 A mortal shape to him
 Was like the vapour dim
 Which the orient planet animates with light.
 Hell, sin, and slavery came,
 Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
 Nor prey'd until their lord had taken flight.
 The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set;
 While blazon'd, as on heaven's immortal noon,
 The Cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep,
 From one whose dreams are paradise,
 Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
 And day peers forth with her blank eyes:
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,
 The powers of earth and air
 Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem.
 Apollo, Pan, and Love,
 And even Olympian Jove,
 Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.
 Our hills, and seas, and streams,
 Dispeopled of their dreams,
 Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
 Wailed 'for the golden years'.

'For my own part,' goes on Alexander Smith, 'I cannot read these lines without emotion—not so much for their beauty as for the change in the writer's mind which they suggest. The self-sacrifice which lies at the centre of Christianity should have touched this man more deeply than almost any other. That it was beginning to touch and mould him, I verily believe. He died and made *that* sign. Of what music did that storm in Spezia Bay rob the world! "The Cross leads generations on".'

Emerson says that the great men of all ages sit apart upon their peaks, and converse with one another, unaffected by the lapse of time or the movements of mankind. Once, at The Pines when, to verify a quotation for Watts-Dunton, Swinburne took up his Shelley and read the lines just quoted, I seemed to hear the voice of the dead poet calling to his living brother-poet from the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. No one known to me more greatly admired or had more

closely studied Swinburne's work in poetry than that fine classical scholar, the late H. Greenhough Smith (St. John's College, Cambridge), the first, and for more than forty years, editor of *The Strand Magazine*, to which Conan Doyle contributed his *Sherlock Holmes* series (Swinburne was much interested in them). After his first, and only meeting with Swinburne, Greenhough Smith wrote me sadly, 'He talked poetry to you, my dear Kernahan. Alas! to me, he talked only of *Sherlock Holmes*'. I must not say that Swinburne 'talked religion' to me, but his talk verged sometimes on the subject, and with reverence and earnestness which would have astonished and confounded those who continue to claim him (as some do) as, like themselves, not only rejecting, but actively opposing Christianity. Have they forgotten, or are they unaware that Swinburne wrote to E. C. Steadman, the distinguished American critic and man of letters, that he was 'A kind of Christian of the Church of Blake and Shelley'? I could say more, but this is not the place in which to do so, and I return to the life of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton at The Pines.

Watts-Dunton counted among his friends many poets, and was frequently either their guest or their host. Here is a letter, telling of the fine work in poetry which Tennyson was doing, even in old age:

'Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey,
26th Sept., '91.

'MY DEAR KERNAHAN,

'My best thanks for your most kind letter which has been forwarded to me here where I am staying with Tennyson. When I get home I will write to suggest a day for us to meet at Putney. Tennyson, with whom I took a long walk of three miles this morning, is in marvellous health, every faculty (at 82) is as bright as it was when his years were 40. He is busy writing poetry as fine as anything he has ever written. He read out to me last night three poems which of themselves would suffice to make a poet's fame. Really he is a miracle. This is a lovely place—I don't know how many miles above the level of the sea—bracing to a wonderful degree.

'Ever yours,
THEODORE WATTS.'

With two other poets, D. G. Rossetti and George Meredith, Watts-Dunton for a time shared a home at 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea; and with Browning, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Bret Harte, and James Russell Lowell he was on intimate terms. Another of his poet-friends, Thomas Hardy of *The Dynasts*, tells us in a novel, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, that 'Poets have morals and manners of their own'. That seems to me too sweeping a generalization. Tennyson's 'manners' were, one agrees 'his own'. He could on occasion be gruff—my friend, Mr. Frederick Tennyson's words to me were, 'He was sometimes very rude'—but with all respect to Mr. Thomas Hardy, Tennyson's 'morals' if 'his own', in no way differed from those of other right-thinking, clean-living folk; nor would any of the other poets who have here been named admit to having either 'morals or manners of their own'.

About Swinburne, however, one agrees with Mr. Hardy. When he first went to live with Watts-Dunton, he was a law unto himself on the subject of his alcoholic excesses. Though friends and relations had, some besought, some reproached, some expostulated, and others had warned him that doctors threatened a speedy and perhaps fatal collapse if he persisted in drinking large quantities of brandy—to beseechings, reproaches, expostulations, and threats, he turned a deaf ear. Watts-Dunton neither beseeched nor reproached, neither expostulated nor threatened. Instead, lifting and sniffing disgustedly, at the brandy bottle by Swinburne's bedside, he growled:

'Bah! the very smell of this stuff sickens me, reminding me, as it does, of wretched and retching passengers on a Channel voyage in a rough crossing. Now what I call drink for a poet is port, that divine nectar of the gods, the life blood of the vine, distilled sunshine caught and chaliced in the heart of such grapes as grow only in that Southern land of sunshine, song, and lovely women. Our friend Tennyson drinks a bottle of port a day, and its generous life-giving qualities set his brain newly singing and afire, even now when he's no longer young. In the cellar is a case of the very brand of port which Tennyson drinks. I have half a mind to crack a bottle. Do you feel like joining me?'

I have spoken of Watts-Dunton cajoling his friend, as a child is cajoled out of a bad habit, and the child, in Swinburne lived on to the last. I have seen him dance, caper and whistle with all a child's eager interest in some new toy, be it, in Swinburne's case, the latest poem he had written, a Kelmscott Press volume sent him by his friend William Morris ('Topsy'), or an old print, or a first edition which he had been coveting.

'The very port which old Tennyson drinks, and such a wine as you tell me!' he exclaimed eagerly. 'Yes, do get it.' So the port was produced and pronounced 'Nectar for the gods' by Swinburne, while Watts-Dunton growled, 'Brandy, forsooth! stuff for a sick room. What poet would drug himself with doctor's stuff when he can get so divine a drink as this rare old port!' And so pleased was Swinburne that Watts-Dunton had no difficulty in replacing brandy by port which was all that Swinburne drank for the next few weeks.

Then, affecting to yawn, Watts-Dunton complained of feeling a trifle 'liverish'. 'Perhaps it's the port,' he said. 'You and I aren't such hardy berserkers as old Tennyson who does a lot more walking than we do. A great authority on wine assures me that there is nothing in the world so good as fine old generous Burgundy, a poet's drink, for one can take a long draught of it, whereas port's a wine at which only to sip. Burgundy's the wine that Dumas' immortal Three Musketeers, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, not forgetting the finest fellow of all, D'Artagnan, fought on, and made love on. Most of all—you are half a Frenchman, you tell me, it's the wine of your own *La Belle France*. I picked up a case, the other day, and propose sampling a bottle, if only to drink to Dumas and the Immortal Three.'

Put as Watts-Dunton put it, the poet and the child in Swinburne responded, and for a month or two Burgundy replaced port at The Pines. Then, one day, Watts-Dunton remarked casually, that in dining at clubs and country houses, he found that the drink of gentlemen—using that

word, he said, not in any snobbish sense, but only as meaning those who are long accustomed to gentle ways and refined tastes—was claret. ‘The *canaille*’, he said, ‘won’t touch it. For the cultivated palate, for the connoisseur, there is no other wine comparable for a moment, in bouquet, in delicacy and in flavour to a selected French claret.’ Then he added artfully: ‘You drink what you like, dear boy, but I am going to tap a bottle of good claret for dinner to-night.’

And once again, the unsuspecting poet exclaimed gleefully, ‘Oh! yes, Walter, connoisseurs have often told me that the wine of wines is claret’; and so, for a while, claret replaced Burgundy at The Pines. Then Watts-Dunton played his last and trump card. He said:

‘I’d like your opinion about a pet theory of mine. I have always held that, whether for getting the best out of life, which we all want to do, as well as what is best for our health, we should drink the Wine of the Country. If we are in Scotland, Scotch whisky, if in Ireland, Irish whisky; in Germany, hock or moselle; in France, graves, sauterne, burgundy, or, if we can afford it, champagne; in Spain or Portugal, port; in Italy, chianti or asti; but what is England’s Wine of the country? Why, whether drunk out of the cool depths of a pewter or china mug in some quaint old English inn with diamond-paned windows, sanded floors, and oaken benches, or out of a silver tankard from his Lordship’s sideboard—the most refreshing, appetizing, stimulating, healthiest, best and most natural of all drinks for an Englishman is Charles Stuart Calverley’s “beverage for feasting gods”, Shakespeare’s brown October, our own glorious and incomparable British beer!’

One would think that Swinburne, who could be shrewd enough on occasion, and was by no means blind to what was going on around him, would, by this time have detected or suspected something of Watts-Dunton’s motives. Had he done so, he might have proved obstreperous, might even have reverted to his former habits, mistaking, as weak-willed men often do, obstinacy for strength of character. But that which has not taken me many minutes to write of, took months in happening. Had Watts-Dunton urged Swinburne to drop alcohol entirely, had he suddenly proposed to replace brandy by beer, and had he not, when

proposing claret, remarked, 'You drink what you like, dear boy, but I am going to tap a bottle of good claret for dinner to-night', Swinburne, who was no fool, would have known what was in his friend's mind, and would perhaps have given trouble. As done by Watts-Dunton, the probability is that Swinburne was as little suspicious of any motive, as an infant is suspicious of motive when the mother's breast is replaced by a feeding bottle. But be that as it may, Swinburne's drink thenceforth and to the end of his life was a bottle of beer at the Rose and Crown, after his morning's walk to Wimbledon Common, and a bottle of beer at lunch and at dinner. Watts-Dunton had accomplished his purpose.

II

I am glad of an opportunity to re-tell the story if only for a reason which will be made clear later on in this article. When Sir Edmund (then Mr.) Gosse was collecting the materials for his *Life of Swinburne*, he wrote me that he had been reading an article of mine, in the *London Quarterly Review*, and he was so good as to say (his letter is one of those included by the Hon. Evan Charteris in *The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse*): 'Your article is a marvellously exact picture—the most exact which I have yet met with—of what Swinburne became in his last years. . . . You describe him with marvellous skill and fidelity.' Later, Gosse wrote me again: 'If ever you write more about Swinburne, do, please, send it to me. I shall be so interested.' Hence I sent him the publication—I do not suppose he would, otherwise, have seen it—in which I told of the reclamation from drink by Watts-Dunton. Though one of the most scrupulously courteous men I have known, and I knew him for more than forty years, this was the only communication of mine which Gosse did not acknowledge. His failure to acknowledge was not due to courtesy or unfriendliness to my obscure self, but to the hostility which existed between

himself and Watts-Dunton. Gosse left the communication unacknowledged, lest he should seem, even tacitly, to concur in any good word said of Watts-Dunton. I was, of course, aware of, and regretted the hostility between the two, but took no part in their quarrel, for my father knew and greatly respected Gosse's father, and when I was a young and inexperienced writer, Gosse went out of his way to do me kindnesses. Moreover, I had been his guest at his own home, and at his club. I said as much to Watts-Dunton who, I am glad to remember, had the sensitiveness and the considerateness to say no word against Gosse to me. For the one unkind thing he was supposed to have said against Gosse, I had only the word of Frank Harris, under whose editorship I was contributing articles to the *Fortnightly Review*. Once when Harris told me, with evident enjoyment, a scandalous story about someone whom everyone respected, and told it so convincingly as almost to compel belief, I replied:

'If I may be "Frank", without being "Harris", I should say that you are the most brilliant talker I have ever known, but God forbid that you should talk about any friend of mine. Yesterday, in a crowded drawing room, you stood with your back to the fire, and took the reputation of this man, or that woman, as it were, between your finger and thumb, to tear it across, and into shreds, as you might tear a letter to pieces, before turning to toss it contemptuously into the fire.'

I had expected to see in Harris's cruel and sensual eyes, the red danger-signal which one sees in the eyes of an angry bull. But, so long as his vanity was flattered, and I had said truly that he was 'the most brilliant talker I had ever known', Harris did not mind what was said of him, or to him. Twirling his Kitchener moustache, and baring his strong, tigerish teeth, in what I suppose was meant for a smile, he was apparently as pleased with me, as with himself, for his next remark was: 'You sent me, the other day, for the *Fortnightly*, an article on the work of Louise Chandler Moulton, the American poet. It shall go to press to-morrow. Send along something else soon.' About Harris's extraordinary abilities, there can be no question, but I more than

question the truth of much that he said, and repeat that I have only his word for the one unkind thing which Watts-Dunton is supposed to have said of Gosse.

Harris was then editing (I think) *The Saturday Review*, and told me that he said to Watts-Dunton, 'Your book *Aylwin* will be in good and friendly hands for review. I am sending it to Gosse'. Watts-Dunton looked thoughtful, then perturbed. 'Ah, yes, Gosse,' he said, 'there's no more scholarly or distinguished critic alive. As you say it will be in good hands. But, if you don't mind, Harris, I should like Gosse to know that I, Watts-Dunton, know that he, Gosse, is to be my reviewer!'

Harris leered at me. 'You know what he meant, of course?' he asked. 'Well?' I replied, non-committedly, for I was on my guard about what I said to Harris, who went on and said:

'Watts-Dunton knew his Gosse. So did Louis Stevenson who spoke somewhere, I've forgotten where, of "Pussy cat Gosse". But I do remember that in one of Stevenson's letters to Gosse from Samoa, he asked to be remembered to certain friends of his own, and added: "I know you'll gnash your teeth at some of them, you grim wicked catlike old poet". Gosse is as treacherous and as cunning as a cat. But he thinks of his own skin. What Watts-Dunton meant was that if Gosse thought that Watts-Dunton didn't know who was reviewing *Aylwin*, he'd take a malicious pleasure in cutting it up badly. But if Gosse knew that Watts-Dunton knew who was reviewing him, Gosse would remember that there is no more powerful literary organ than *The Athenaeum*, and that Watts-Dunton can write what he likes there, and would revenge himself by savagely slating Gosse's next book there. So Gosse would review *Aylwin* favourably—and did. These be thy Gods, O Israel!'

Heine says that every man creates a God after his own image, and Harris's literary gods were made in his own image. That which he, Harris, would do in given circumstances, he took for granted Gosse and Watts-Dunton would do, but I reject what he said of both, as no more than Harris's imputations. About Gosse's hostility to Watts-Dunton, however, there can be no question. It began as early as 1879 when Swinburne first went to live at The Pines, and even thus early Gosse wrote Watts-Dunton a letter which bristles

with suspicion. His hostility increased as time went on. Writing to Sir George Douglas in 1902, he said, 'I am sending you a little private book; it is a supplement to the Swinburne in P. and S.' (Gosse's book *Portraits and Sketches*) 'merely for reference. It is a bottled antidote to the lies of Watts-Dunton'. So hostile was he to Watts-Dunton that Sir William Robertson Nicoll wrote to me: 'Adcock' (St. John Adcock, editor of *The Bookman*) 'tells me he has asked you to write the article on Swinburne. You are an old and valued friend of mine, and I ought to warn you that you will incur the enmity of Gosse, if you say too much in favour of Watts-Dunton, for whom Gosse's word to me, and to others known to me is "The Wicked One".'

'For this relief, much thanks', says Francisco in *Hamlet*, and I was almost grateful to Gosse for introducing an element of comic relief into the tragedy—a tragedy in a tea-cup, and staged not far from Grub Street—of suspicion and misunderstanding. Human weaknesses, of course, Watts-Dunton had, but to 'cast' that little and eminently respectable suburban solicitor, who went in fear not only of God, but of Mrs. Grundy, for the part of Mephistopheles, darkly stalking across the stage, on 'wickedness' intent, was the one touch needed to turn the two-penny-halfpenny tragedy into comedy, and comedy into the kind of melodrama which induces only laughter. The reason for Gosse's hostility, I believe to be as follows. His hope was to be remembered as a poet, but that did not seem likely. In 1911, he wrote to W. E. Barker: 'A generous reviewer in the *Morning Post* said of me that I came forward so quietly that one of these days I should come forward and not be observed at all! The prediction has come true. Seven or eight weeks ago I published for the first time my *Collected Poems* (Heinemann) and not a single critic has noticed it,' and Gosse goes on to say, 'how encouraging' a review by Barker would be 'at this moment when I appear to be about to expire still-born'. However, Gosse's scholarly and distinguished studies

in prose placed him high among critics and essayists, and as time went on, he wrote more prose, once attempting a novel which was not very successful, and less poetry. His greatest achievement and greatest success was *Father and Son* which he hoped and believed would be read, as it should be, for it is a classic of its kind, after he was gone. Even of that, however, he was not too sure, for ten years after *Father and Son* had been published, he wrote to Lord Haldane, 'I am as ambitious as ever I was . . . only more and more exasperated by my lack of influence and my declining force'. As I have said, he was not sure that *Father and Son* would be remembered in time to come. He was sure that though Swinburne's prose, and probably much of his poetry would be forgotten, some of Swinburne's work in poetry would last as long as the language, and that to write the authoritative Life of so great a poet would be some sort of title to immortality. He was twelve years younger than Swinburne, had never lived, as the older man had, a rackety life, and, being likely to survive his friend, was determined to be his biographer. Possibly he feared that Watts-Dunton had the same determination, and would forestall him, but, be that as it may, when, in 1872, Watts-Dunton came upon the scene, Gosse was the intimate friend of Swinburne. When, in 1879, Swinburne went to live with Watts-Dunton, Gosse found himself replaced in Swinburne's regard. One may choose to relinquish, even an old friendship, just as a king may choose to relinquish his crown, and the parting come about, if with regret, without anger. But if the king be deposed against his will, or the friend find himself, for no reason of which he is aware, entirely displaced in an old friend's regard, neither of the two is likely to look upon his successor as other than a usurper. Again, in justice to Gosse, one must admit that he had reason for believing that Watts-Dunton was persuading Swinburne to discontinue former friendships. Where Gosse did Watts-Dunton an injustice was in asserting that Watts-Dunton did so, only to serve his

own ends and purposes, and that he might use Swinburne as a lever for his, Watts-Dunton's, own aggrandizement and advancement.

Watts-Dunton had only one end and one purpose in view, the reclamation of Swinburne from drink; and, rightly or wrongly (the result seems to show he was right) believed that, only by a complete break with the past, only by inducing Swinburne to begin life over again, could that be achieved. Swinburne was so abnormally excitable that, even in the days when his former habits were entirely overcome, I have known him, I say it deliberately, 'to talk himself drunk'—face flushed, eyes unnaturally bright, the veins at the side of his brow noticeably swollen and throbbing, gait unsteady, and limbs twitching, when, till then, he had been as sober as the proverbial judge, and any possibility of his excited condition being due to alcohol, was out of the question. Knowing this, Watts-Dunton feared that, in the company of old friends, Swinburne would be recalling times when life—by comparison with the somewhat monotonous and colourless life at The Pines—was as vividly colourful and varied as are the changing shapes to be seen within a child's kaleidoscope. He knew, too, that the child in Swinburne so lived on that he would forget, when looking through the kaleidoscope of the past, that the lovely and alluring pictures which he saw there were an illusion; that the seemingly precious diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, strewn there for his regathering, were no more than worthless bits of broken glass; and Watts-Dunton feared that, in so forgetting, Swinburne, in the hope of recapturing old raptures, would fling discretion to the four winds, and revert to his former habits.

Those habits had been most frequent and at their worst when Swinburne was unduly excited, and, lest, among old time companions, and in recalling former feuds, former failures, and former triumphs, Swinburne should work himself up to a dangerous state of abnormal excitement, Watts-

Dunton did, as Gosse said, keep Swinburne and some of his old friends apart. He did more than that.

'Is it true, as I have heard,' I was asked, 'that Watts-Dunton had the inhumanity' (that was the word used to me) 'to keep Swinburne, and his sister, Isabel, whom he loved, and who loved him, apart from each other?'

When I was so asked, my inside knowledge of The Pines, where I had then been only two or three times, was of the slightest, and I replied, truly, 'I do not know', but, if I had known, I should not have felt free to impart information on such a subject, and should have remained silent. There is, however, no reason for silence to-day, especially as the same question has been asked since, and as it has not, to my knowledge, been answered, judgement has in some quarters gone against Watts-Dunton by default.

All who knew Isabel Swinburne agree that she was, temperamentally, if not intellectually, the feminine counterpart of her poet-brother. They were the grandchildren of George, Earl of Ashburnham, of Ashburnham Place, Battle. The home of another branch of the Ashburnham family is at Broomham, Guestling, near Hastings. I say 'another branch' for the holders of the earldom and of the baronetcy have the same ancestry. The holders of the baronetcy are said to be the older representatives of the family, for I recall that when someone asked Sir Anchitel Ashburnham-Clement (he added Clement to his name, by royal license, in 1899), 'Is not your coat of arms the same as that of the Earls of Ashburnham?' he replied smilingly, 'No, theirs is the same as ours'. The last time my wife and I were at Broomham, not long before the death of Lady Ashburnham-Clement, the talk was of Isabel Swinburne, who sometimes stayed with Sir Anchitel (who was her kinsman) and Lady Ashburnham-Clement, and our host and hostess commented on the resemblance in temperament between Algernon and Isabel Swinburne, especially in their excitability. The same blood ran in the veins of both, and this tie of blood

was so strong that what unduly excited the sister, as unduly excited the brother. As Watts-Dunton once said to me,

'For those two to be discussing anything together—and as sure as they get together, as surely, they start discussing—is like the striking of flints over a powder magazine. I tremble to think what may happen to Algernon one of these days, for if he gets too excited, and she excites him more than anyone else does, the old trouble may recur and perhaps his last state be worse than his first. If he wants to go to Onslow Square (where Miss Swinburne lived) or she wants to come here, I say, "Yes, do", but I am in terror for him till he is safely back, or till she goes. It has already got about—not from her, for she is a dear friend of mine, but from someone who is my enemy—that I am wicked enough to do what I can to turn a loving brother against a loving sister, and to turn her against him. That is not true. I have, on the contrary, done everything in my power to deepen the love between them. But it is true, that I do what I can to prevent discussions between them, and, for that reason I have not encouraged Algernon to go to Onslow Square, or Isabel to come here. God knows how it has distressed me to do so, but my first thought must be for Algernon, and what else can I do, dear boy? What else can I do? If I am misjudged, well, I must be content to be misjudged. That is all'.

Yes, 'that was all', and I say no more on the subject.

III

Even when Watts-Dunton was in his grave, Gosse could endure no good word being said of him. I have mentioned that I sent Gosse my record of Swinburne's reclamation from drink by Watts-Dunton, and that it was the only communication of mine to which he did not reply. Later, in writing of Swinburne in a newspaper, he took occasion to say that a story had been told, according to which, by gradually reducing the strength of the alcohol allowed, Watts-Dunton was the person responsible for reclaiming Swinburne from his drinking habits. To this Gosse added, 'The story has been refuted, and should not be repeated'.

Clement Shorter, between whom and Gosse there was a feud, and no wonder for, in his paper, *The Sphere*, Shorter

had written of Gosse as a snob and a tuft-hunter, speaking to me of Gosse's statement that the story had been refuted, said, 'As Gosse can't disprove the story he tries to "bluff" his readers into disbelieving it, by telling them it has been refuted'. That was, of course, mere animosity to Gosse on Shorter's part, and I reminded him that in the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, the King says, 'Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought'. Similarly, in this case, Gosse's wish was father to the thought, and had misled him. But between being misled, making a mistake, and a mis-statement, there is a vast difference. Just as later in life, one eye failed him, and had to be covered by a shade or a darkened glass, so Gosse's antagonism to Watts-Dunton was, as it were, a 'blinker' which obscured his sight. His view of Watts-Dunton was 'one-eyed', but he was incapable of either bluff or an intentional mis-statement.

All the same, in saying that the story had been refuted, I submit that he should have said by whom that had been done, not merely have made the bald statement without adducing a shred of evidence in disproof of the story. By his wording, his readers would infer that some other person, possibly more than one, had done so. At that time, I subscribed to a Press Cutting Agency, and the one and only cutting in which the truth of the story was questioned was that with Gosse's words.

As I was of another and younger generation than Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, and had met neither in 1879, my record of what happened was not, of course, from my own knowledge. But my informants, Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet (whose literary executor I am), and F. W. Robinson, were both intimate friends of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton before and after Swinburne went to live at The Pines. Marston had known Swinburne since 1864, and Robinson, of whom Swinburne spoke to me as 'one of the very salt of the earth, and Walter's and my dear friend', had known Swinburne and Watts-Dunton even longer. He was in his

day a popular novelist, as well as editor of a long since defunct magazine, *Home Chimes*, to which Swinburne and Watts-Dunton contributed. In *Home Chimes*, part of J. M. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls*, the whole of Jerome K. Jerome's *Idle Thoughts* and the whole of Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*, as well as part of my own first book, appeared serially.

I have told the story of Swinburne's reclamation as Phil Marston told it to me, and as nearly as I can remember (I happen to have an exceptionally retentive verbal memory) in his own words. Later, when I was dining with Robinson at his home in Loughborough Park, he gave me his version. It was less picturesque than Marston's, but the facts were the same. I must not say that Mr. W. M. Rossetti 'confirmed' the story, for, as I had no reason to doubt its truth, to ask for confirmation never occurred to me, if only because at that time I had no intention of telling the story in print. Not until after the publication of Gosse's *Life of Swinburne*, in which no secret was made of the poet's one-time alcoholic excesses, did I feel free to write of it at all. But, sitting with Mr. Rossetti in his Library (the red plush sofa on which Shelley slept, the night before his death, was in the Library) at his home at St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, the talk was of Swinburne who was then alive, for this was somewhere about 1894.

'I suppose you know that it was Watts-Dunton who cured him, "weaned" is perhaps the right word, from drink?' asked Rossetti.

'Yes, so Phil Marston told me', I replied, and I went on to remark to my host that he had spoken of Watts-Dunton as 'a hero of friendship'.

'He was that both to Gabriel and Algernon', Mr. Rossetti said, his dark eyes glowing—and then the subject dropped. So if he did not explicitly 'confirm' the story, I think I may claim that he did so, tacitly.

But there is weightier evidence. Mrs. Disney Leith, daughter of Lady Mary Gordon, was Swinburne's cousin, and when,

in the early 'sixties he was staying with her father, his cousin told him of a story she intended to write. He was so interested that he proposed his cousin and he should collaborate in a volume, his cousin contributing a tale, 'The Children of the Chapel', and he a Morality Play, 'The Pilgrimage of Pleasure'. The book was published in 1864 as 'By the author of "Mark Dennis".' In 1917, after Swinburne's death, Mrs. Disney Leith published, *The Boyhood of Algernon Charles Swinburne: Personal Recollections by his cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith, with extracts from some of his private letters.*

Not because I anticipated the story of Swinburne's reclamation ever being questioned—why should I? for Marston and Robinson had no interest to serve in telling me a 'yarn'—but for quite another reason, I asked Mrs. Disney Leith to read my typescript before it went to press. That reason was, of course, consideration for Swinburne's relative, and I said that anything to which Mrs. Disney Leith objected, or that she thought inaccurate should come out.

'If you don't mind', she said, after reading the typescript, 'there is one anecdote about my cousin which, as the hostess of the house where the incident happened is still living, I'd rather were omitted' (it was), 'otherwise I find nothing to question, or to which to take exception.'

Another cousin of Swinburne, Lady Henniker Heaton and her husband, Sir John Henniker Heaton, are old family friends of ours. Lady Henniker Heaton, and her daughter, Mary Araluen Henniker Heaton, were staying with us before my typescript had gone to the printer, and Lady Henniker Heaton read it, as later did Sir John, and confirmed the details. Lady Henniker Heaton was, indeed, so good as to say she had unpublished letters from her cousin Algernon which were at my service for publication. That I may conclude this chapter with words of Swinburne, rather than with words of mine, I copy one letter here. He is always interesting and original when, in prose or in poetry, he writes on the subject of Childhood or children:

'The Pines,

'Dec. 7, 1904.

'DEAR COUSIN SERMONDA,

'I am delighted to hear of the advent of an adorable person (Mary Araluen Henniker Heaton, just mentioned) whose feet I long to kiss, and greatly honoured by the proposal that I should stand sponsor to an angel from heaven.

'Only, you see, as that is very truly my view of a new-born baby, it would be impossible for me to take any part, direct or indirect, in a religious ceremony which represents it as "a child of wrath"—words which seem to me the most horrible of all blasphemies—standing in need of human intervention to transmute it into "a child of grace". I fear I must shock, but I trust I may not offend you by the avowal of an opinion which I have often enough, and plainly put forward in public.

'I am none the less gratified by your kindness in wishing to associate me in any way with a child of yours. If only the ceremony were secular, it would be to me the very greatest pleasure as well as honour to take any part in welcoming the arrival on earth of a baby, in whose eyes (I always think and maintain) we see all that we ever can see here of heaven.

'I am fairly well, thanks, and rejoice to hear so good an account of Perigrine, whose kiss I beg to return with interest. Mrs. Watts-Dunton joins with me in all good wishes to both of you, and thanks for yours.

'Your affectionate cousin,

'A. C. SWINBURNE.'

COULSON KERNAHAN.

BARRIE

IT seems to be agreed by all his friends that Barrie was a puzzling personality, and there is certainly an elusive and enigmatical quality about his genius, if indeed genius is the right word. For there would be no general assent at this moment to the verdict that Barrie was really a man of genius. Probably there is no modern writer with regard to whom there has been so wide a disparity of judgement, as between the critical opinion of the 'nineties and that of to-day. Stevenson, and most other people forty years ago, unhesitatingly regarded Barrie as a writer of genius. Many critics to-day would think that the word is scarcely to be applied to him, except in some very qualified sense, and then with reference rather to his plays than to his novels. But in any case he is one of the most interesting writers of our time.

James Matthew Barrie was born in 1860 at Kirriemuir, in Forfar, the little town that is also famous as the birthplace of Dr. Alexander Whyte. The geographical detail is perhaps not altogether insignificant, for the region is almost a border land. The language of the whole district was Gaelic in the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, and, as Stevenson remarked in one of his letters to Barrie, there was some Gaelic spoken in Fife late in the eighteenth century. One can fancy that the queer mixture of the canny and the uncanny in Barrie was a racial mingling of Lowland and Highland.

Barrie's family was far from well-to-do, but he managed to attend the University of Edinburgh. The only teacher there who impressed him at all appears to have been Masson. He graduated in 1882. Then came the question of a career. Like many Scotsmen before and since, in fact and in fiction, he seems to have had a dour determination that he would get on and make a name for himself. The first opening came when he saw an advertisement for an assistant leader-writer on the *Nottingham Journal*. He applied for the post, and was

appointed, at a salary of three guineas a week. He has recorded that he had never read a leader in his life until then, and his mother raked up old newspapers that had been used for spreading beneath carpets, and lining boxes, and even a sooty bundle that had been stuffed up a chimney; and he proceeded to study the leading articles in this journalistic *débris*, that he might know how to write them when he reached Nottingham. His sojourn in the Midland city is only remarkable for one detail; it was there he picked up the knowledge of a journalist's life that he used afterward in *When a Man's Single*, the most amusing of all his novels. Meanwhile he was sending articles and sketches up to London journals, and received much encouragement from Frederick Greenwood of the *St. James's Gazette* and Robertson Nicoll of the *British Weekly*—both journals and both editors were then at the very height of their success. The sketches contributed to these periodicals were collected into Barrie's first volumes of fiction, *Auld Licht Idylls*, and *A Window in Thrums*. What might be called his first proper novel, *The Little Minister*, appeared in 1891. This was followed by *Sentimental Tommy*, in 1896, and *Tommy and Grizel*, in 1900. Whatever may be the judgement of the future on Barrie as a novelist, it will undoubtedly be based mainly upon these last stories. The earlier books were largely episodic in character, and, while they contain some of his freshest work, they cannot compare, either in breadth of conception or in power of execution, with the novels last named. The delineation of Thomas Sandys is a marvellous dissection of the character of a romantic *poseur*. Grizel is surely one of the most fascinating women in fiction, and a perfect foil, in her utter truthfulness and utter unselfishness, to the sentimental hero. I have always thought (though I can quote no real evidence of it) that the two books owe a great deal, both in inspiration and in method, to George Meredith.

Barrie's first theatrical venture was *Ibsen's Ghost, or Toole Up to Date*, in which Toole appeared with Irene Vanbrugh

and George Shelton. This burlesque was not of much importance: it was merely an incident in the campaign of ridicule which was then being waged against the great Norwegian writer. *Jane Annie, or the Good Conduct Prize*, was a comic opera in the style of Gilbert and Sullivan, in which Barrie collaborated with Conan Doyle: it was an absolute fiasco. These two farces are not printed in the collected edition of Barrie's plays. Neither is *Walker, London*, his first great success, which was produced in 1892, and ran for over five hundred performances. *The Professor's Love Story* appeared in 1895, and was popular. So was the dramatization of *The Little Minister*, in 1897. *The Admirable Crichton* was produced in 1902, and the next few years were the heyday of Barrie's productiveness and success as a dramatist. *Quality Street*, *Little Mary*, *Peter Pan*, *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, and *What Every Woman Knows*, were all produced between 1902 and 1908. The dark years of the War saw the appearance of *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1916) and *Dear Brutus* (1917). *Mary Rose*, in some ways the most characteristic of all the plays, came out in 1920. It was followed by a revival of several of the earlier plays in London. Then a reaction against sentiment set in, and little of Barrie's work was seen on the stage for some years, except the perennially popular *Peter Pan*. A Biblical fantasy, *The Boy David*, was produced in Edinburgh in 1936. Despite the advantage of Miss Elizabeth Bergner's acting, and the artistic work of Mr. Augustus John, it was a failure, and it is understood that Barrie was deeply disappointed with the fate of his last effort.

The saddest passage in Barrie's life had almost passed out of the general memory when he died; it was the failure of his romantic marriage. When *Walker, London*, was produced in 1892, one of the principal parts was taken by a charming actress, Mary Ansell. Barrie became seriously ill with pneumonia, and she threw up her part in the play to nurse him. He was already in love with her, and a little later they married. For a time they were happy, and then the happiness failed,

and they parted, but with mutual respect. Twenty years later, when his former wife wished to sell one of his manuscripts that he had given her, he consented readily, and, though he was suffering with neuritis at the time, he rewrote a missing page, so that it should be complete. When Barrie was buried at Kirriemuir there was a wreath on the coffin inscribed 'to the dearest and best friend, my late husband'. It is probably significant that Barrie's mother died not long before his wedding, and also that two characters in his novels, Richard Abinger in *When a Man's Single* and Thomas Sandys in *Sentimental Tommy*, are both represented as shrinking from marriage, though both of them are in love in a sentimental fashion. It would scarcely be worth while at this time of day to recall the shattered romance of Barrie's life if it did not relate itself so suggestively to his personal temperament and to his imaginative work.

The rest of Barrie's life was uneventful personally, though full of what the world reckons success. He made a great deal of money, mainly out of his plays. He received a baronetcy in 1913, and was awarded the Order of Merit in 1922. He died on the nineteenth of June last, and was buried at Kirriemuir.

There was something paradoxical in the whole temperament of Barrie. He was a Scotsman whose favourite sport was not golf, but cricket, that most English of games. His fortune, and largely his fame, were made in the limelight of the theatre, and yet he loathed publicity of every kind. He was the shyest and in some ways the least practical of men, and yet he made a greater fortune than any man of letters of his generation. He was a romantic and a sentimentalist, and yet in his best work there is a kind of penetrating and poignant realism. It is not altogether irrelevant that he was an inveterate inventor of ironical tales about himself and his own doings, and loved to surround himself with mystery and make-believe. Some of this occasionally deceived the very elect. He once related, for example, how he had turned over the pages of a treatise on bridge-building, as it lay on a second-hand book-

stall, and had forthwith written an article (and sold it) entitled, 'How I Built My Bridge over the Ganges'. That was almost certainly a whimsical fiction, but it got into his obituary as a fact, in at least one great newspaper.

It is rather curious that Barrie, while so popular in this country, did not make much of a mark on the Continent. He never won European fame in the way that Mr. Bernard Shaw has done, for example. Probably this was due, in part at least, to the insularity of Barrie's work. A great deal of his matter, alike in the plays and in the novels, depends for its appeal upon the peculiarities of Scottish character and Scottish environment, and all this does not lend itself easily either to translation into another language, or to ready understanding by minds of another nationality. Except for *Peter Pan*, which did not suffer from that disability, and which was translated into nearly every European language, Barrie's fame did not reach beyond these shores. It might have been expected that it would, in view of what was characteristic in his work, and of one special current in literature on the Continent during his earlier lifetime. For there was one writer, a contemporary of his, who did become a European cult in the last generation, and who resembles Barrie rather strikingly in some of his leading characteristics—I refer, of course, to Maeterlinck. Both have a remarkable insight into the mind of childhood, both have an elusive and elfish fancy, and both have the secret of entry into a strange world of twilight. But there is a poetical quality in Maeterlinck's work that Barrie's does not possess, and the Flemish genius had much more sense of form than the Scot. It is interesting to know—the fact has only recently been made public, I believe—that Maeterlinck once visited Barrie, and inscribed on the wall of the study in the Adelphi, 'Au père de *Peter Pan*, et au grand-père de *L'Oiseau Bleu*'. It was a quaint recognition of a rather singular literary affinity.

Nearly all the critical accounts of Barrie's work that were written at the time of his death assumed that his novels are

forgotten, and deservedly forgotten, and that he will be remembered by his plays, if he is remembered at all. That, I think, is a very debatable conclusion. There are odd fashions in literary taste which change from generation to generation, and it sometimes happens that an author's later work, perhaps in a different *genre*, obscures for a time the value of his earlier writings. But whatever the present vagaries of criticism may be, I cannot doubt, for my own part, that *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel* will always hold their place in English fiction, though not in the first flight of it.

There can be little doubt that the repute of Barrie's novels declined not only because of his dramatic successes, but partly through another circumstance. He set a fashion in Scottish stories of the more sentimental type, and lesser writers like S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, who followed him, achieved a vast and fleeting popularity. They did not possess Barrie's touch of genius; their humour was often forced where his was natural; and if he sometimes overdid the pathetic they abused it grossly and constantly. This provoked a literary reaction, of which Mr. George Douglas's *The House with the Green Shutters* was one symptom, and Barrie's novels began to be classed, rather unfairly, with what had come to be known as the 'Kailyard school'.

But Barrie's work in fiction was rated highly by some of the greatest of his contemporaries. Stevenson was no mean critic of his own craft, and he wrote to Henry James, in 1892, 'I am now reduced to two of my contemporaries, you and Barrie—O, and Kipling—you and Barrie and Kipling are now my Muses Three . . . Barrie is a beauty, *The Little Minister* and *The Window in Thrums*, eh? Stuff in that young man; but he must see and not be too funny. Genius in him, but there's a journalist at his elbow—there's the risk'. In a letter to Barrie himself, written late in 1892, Stevenson says, with a generosity that must have warmed the heart of the recipient, 'There are two of us now that the Shirra might have patted on the head. And please do not think when I thus

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seem to bracket myself with you, that I am wholly blinded with vanity. Jess is beyond my frontier line; I could not touch her skirt; I have no such glamour of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius'. No writer ever paid a finer tribute to another, or a more graceful one.

It has been already remarked that, by one of the queer accidents of fame, Barrie's later reputation as a playwright has greatly obscured his earlier fame as a novelist. Moreover, one of his plays achieved an astounding popularity, and cast all the others into the shade. It is an odd consequence of this that in the popular mind Barrie has become identified with this one play—which was written for children, and which Barrie himself thought would be a failure. One day in 1904 he asked Frohman (who produced all his plays) as a personal favour to bring out a new play that he had written. 'I should like you to produce it', he said, 'because it is a dream-child of mine. It will not be popular.' And he actually promised Frohman to write another play that would compensate him for the expected loss on *Peter Pan*. As a matter of fact it still brings in some £2,000 a year in royalties. In 1921 Barrie assigned the rights in the play to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

It is recorded that *Peter Pan* was inspired by Barrie's friendship with the children of Arthur Llewellyn Davies. He was in Kensington Gardens one day, and made friends with four children who were playing there. When their father died he adopted them: only two of them, Mr. Peter Davies and Mr. Nicholas Davies, are now alive. Both were frequently at Barrie's bedside in his last illness. Barrie got the name Wendy, by the way, from the little daughter of W. E. Henley. She died when she was only five years old. The child was devoted to Barrie and called him 'Fwendy'—her lisping pronunciation of 'Friendie'.

The enormous and enduring popularity of *Peter Pan* is due to Barrie's uncanny insight into the mind of the child.

He managed to manufacture a kind of pantomime out of all the things that children love; fairies, pirates, and Red Indians are all mustered and mingled together in a melodramatic hodge-podge of make-believe. Unless the children of later generations become completely sophisticated (a thing dreadful to contemplate, and fortunately very unlikely to happen) *Peter Pan* will always be popular with children, and anything that appeals to the child generally appeals also to the mass of mankind: that is one of the most engaging traits of our species. *Peter Pan* will always secure a minor immortality for Barrie.

It is scarcely fanciful to suggest that the childish strain in Barrie, which made so much of his success, detracts from the artistic perfection of his work here and there. There is occasionally something like the tired petulance of a child who wearies of his game, and suddenly throws down his toys. The end of *Tommy and Grizel* is an example of what I mean. Barrie hangs his puppet up on the spikes of the garden wall as if he were tired of the whole thing, and wanted to end it somehow or anyhow. The episode is too tragic for a farce, and too farcical for a tragedy. Lady Pippinworth's screams are altogether unconvincing, and though the gate creaking in the wind is a fine touch, the whole episode lacks a sense of reality. If the thing had really happened it would have been a grim and sordid tragedy, and Barrie has not made it read like one. He could not treat Tommy's death as if it were a comic interlude, and yet you almost feel that he has gone a long way toward doing so. The reader is left uneasily wondering whether Barrie had his tongue in his cheek or not.

This, again, is not unconnected with the shapelessness of much of Barrie's work. He would have been greater, both as a novelist and as a playwright, if he had possessed a stronger sense of form. He had a better eye for the single detail than for the massed effect, and his work would have been improved by more definiteness in the general outline. The elusive and erratic character of his talent is neither an excuse nor a

compensation for this, though it sometimes suggests itself in that way. For it is natural to compare the romantic quality of some of Barrie's work with that of the fairy-tale, and especially in *Peter Pan*, *Dear Brutus*, and *Mary Rose* an outward resemblance leaps to the eye. But the question of form is not thus to be escaped or forgotten. It is true that the fairy-tale belongs to a world of sheer fantasy, and eludes all the limits of experience and all the rules of probability, but it is not formless. The typical fairy-tale has a sharp motive and a definite plot, and consequently possesses an artistic finish of its own. It has none of the blurred contours that spoil some of the modern work which seeks to recall it.

In much that has been written of late about Barrie he is dubbed a sentimentalist, and it is taken for granted that he is quite sufficiently damned by that epithet. Now it is not to be denied that his work does suffer from sentimentalism here and there, and that *Margaret Ogilvy* in particular is almost spoiled by it. But to call Barrie a sentimentalist, and leave it at that, is not a very penetrating judgement, either of the man or of his work. Lafcadio Hearn once called Anatole France 'a dainty realist', and despite the element of sensuality in the Frenchman that sometimes cancels the adjective, there is much truth in the phrase. The same character might be ascribed to Barrie. He was a realist, not of the kind that revels in the sordid, but of the more refined type that dissects human character and human motive with a searching subtlety: the surgeon may be as lethal as the butcher, though both his method and his purpose are different. No man ever dealt with the subtleties of self more penetratingly than Barrie, nor discerned more sympathetically the deeper pathos of life, in particular episodes of his novels and plays. But he often hesitated to carry through either to the moral or to the aesthetic *dénouement*, all that was really involved in his theme. Thus the idea of *The Admirable Crichton* has the very essence of satire in it, and one can imagine it worked out with the mordant savagery of a Swift.

But it becomes with Barrie a gentle mockery rather than a ruthless indictment. So the main conception of *Dear Brutus* is one of fundamental tragedy, and it might have been developed with a harsh emphasis on temptation and fate that would have been reminiscent of *Macbeth*. But in Barrie's play it shapes itself into a mood of reflection, rather ironical, and rather wistful. It often seems as if Barrie retreated from what were not only the logical but also the artistic implications of his themes. It is suggestive to find Stevenson remarking that *The Little Minister* 'ought to have ended badly; we all know it did; and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it. If you had told the truth, I for one could never have forgiven you'. Then he added, with fine discernment, that since the book was conceived as it was, and the earlier parts of it written accordingly, an unhappy ending, though true in fact, would have been a discord in art. 'If you are going to make a book end badly it must end badly from the beginning.'

Any criticism of Barrie that reaches the main issue really becomes an excursion into psychology, and, one might almost say, into morbid psychology. For it is obvious that he had one obsession throughout all his most significant work.

In *Margaret Ogilvy*, in *Sentimental Tommy*, in *Tommy and Grizel*, in *Peter Pan*, in *Mary Rose*, that is to say, alike in his plays, in his novels, and in the intimate account of his mother, you have the same dominant note. It is the child who will not grow up, who carries with him into adult life the child's imagination, the child's instability, the child's habit of make-believe, the child's reluctance to face the harsh and sordid in life, the child's trick of running for refuge to his mother's knee. There is therefore always a note of pretence, and also a note of frustration, in Barrie's most typical work. The world of the child's imagination is not the real world, and the grown-up child either stoutly pretends that it is, or has a secret sense of discontent that it is not. The great poets, since they are essentially adult minds, can boldly claim that

their world of fantasy is more real than the actual world of the senses, because it is a realm of deathless beauty and eternal truth, 'built to music, and therefore never built at all, and *therefore built for ever*'. But no such absolute values belong to the undeveloped fancy of childhood, since it looks backward and not forward. It has a wistful memory of the past, rather than a triumphant hope of the future. In the deepest sense of all, where moral and religious values enter, that spirit rather shrinks back to a wistful innocence than presses onward to the fullness of a redeemed experience, where, as Novalis says, 'all is one brightness'.

Barrie, then, is in some sense a realist, but an imperfect realist in his results. He is a psychological realist in his methods. He is not concerned so much with the perversity of our human fate in itself as with the perversity of our human nature, and the way that this bears upon our fate. Where Hardy is obsessed with the pitilessness of Nature and of destiny, Barrie is fascinated rather by the trickeries of self—the way that we persistently deceive ourselves about ourselves, and so misshape our own destinies. In the words of Shakespeare which supplied a title to one of Barrie's plays:

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

That is really Barrie's one method in all his best work. In one form or in another it appears in *What Every Woman Knows*, in *The Admirable Crichton*, in *Dear Brutus*, and in *The Twelve Pound Look*, and it is the solitary motif in *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel*. Whether it is the writer with the artistic temperament, or society people suddenly cast out of their usual environment, or the pompously self-satisfied man who has got on, or the dour and self-centred man who is determined that he will get on, or the man who has slowly degenerated through drink—it is always someone who is pretending (and if only in a half-conscious way, all the more

tragically) that he is other than he really is, or that he might have been other than he is, if the circumstances of his life had been different. No one ever sees himself as he is, in the chill light of reality, or, if he does, it is only for one bitter moment of disillusionment that is soon forgotten. Self, and the devious ways in which we pose and pretend to ourselves all our life long, and blame anyone and anything else rather than our own self-love and our own self-deception—that is Barrie's text almost always in his serious work.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's last tribute to Barrie was, 'He said everything he wanted to say, and now he is dead'. It was a characteristically ungracious and unfeeling utterance, but there is probably a good deal of truth in it. In all likelihood Barrie had really given the world, in his novels and his plays, all that he had to give, and he gave it much that ought not to be forgotten.

HENRY BETT.

TRAGEDY, SALVATION, AND THE ORDINARY MAN

THIS study has been suggested by Mr. T. S. Eliot's new use of the tragic chorus in *Murder in the Cathedral*. This may seem a trivial starting-point for a discussion of such large themes; but behind this technical innovation there lies (if I have grasped the matter aright) a philosophical doctrine of the first importance. To discuss this, we must discuss the very fundamentals of tragedy, and, indeed, of life itself.

We must begin with the nature of salvation. The real problem of salvation is not theological; it is (in the terms of its question, though not, perhaps, of its answer) humanistic. The problem is, 'How can we live the saved life?'—a life which is happy because it can, without dropping into illusions, feel itself to be worth-while. It is, in fact, the search for a *rationale* of life which shall save the spirit from its first enemy of purposelessness and its second enemy of frustration. As such, this problem lies behind all the serious literature of our time. D. H. Lawrence's work might be described as a series of attempts to twist sex into a shape in which it might be fitted to fulfil this saving task; Mr. H. G. Wells looks for salvation in devotion to a world-state, Mr. J. C. Powys in a Paterian culture, Mr. Charles Morgan in semi-transcendental love; and so on—almost *quot homines, tot sententiae*: but the quest is the same in all, the quest for a saving *Lebensanschauung*.

The trouble with these modern theories of salvation is that they all, even the left-wing ones, are essentially *bourgeois*; if they are considered fairly—that is, apart from any emotions except those which are intrinsic to them and do not defy facts—they will fit successfully only into a life-context of moderate health and comfort and security. They all preach, in some way, what Mr. Middleton Murry calls 'acceptance' of life—'*in gratiam cum fato revertere*'—a doctrine which is,

in my opinion, true and valuable, and indeed essential: but they do not give us (again, if coolly considered) any grounds for believing that life in certain conditions of extreme hardship is fit to be accepted; still less do they give us (again, of themselves) the emotional urge which can drive us to accept it.

It is life on its bitter and difficult side that is the test of all doctrines of salvation. You are not saved till you are safe; and 'you are only safe' (said Royce) 'when you can stand everything that can happen to you'. For, in these days of all days, it is by no means certain that life will not bring us the very worst. And even if we are going to be lucky, and could know that we are going to be lucky, yet our self-respect refuses to allow us to be content with a salvation on terms, a salvation which is dependent on externals. For this urge after salvation is the very spirit of human freedom, the demand of the self for integrity in the face of all possible circumstances.

It is here that literary tragedy has something to teach us. One type of tragedy—it is only one type, but it is the type which includes the greatest works both of the Athenian and of the Elizabethan-Jacobean genius—is concerned to lead its plot to a climax which shall be a climax both of suffering and of reconciliation.¹ The tragic hero, by a combination of evil which is immoral (his own flaws) and evil which is amoral in relation to him (the sheer perversities and ill-luck of life) comes to a fall of fortune which brings about a moral reformation and also a religious or semi-religious mood of acceptance. These facts need not be dwelt on here, since they have been so delicately and profoundly set forth by thinkers like the late A. C. Bradley and Professor J. Dover Wilson, in their

¹ For the fact that this is one type of tragedy, but only one, *v. F. L. Lucas, Tragedy*, 96–7; U. M. Ellis-Fermor, *The Jacobean Drama*, esp., chaps. i. and xiii.; and (with a difference in terminology) I. A. Richards, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, 247. (Throughout this discussion, I assume that concepts like 'meaning' are relevant to the aesthetics of at least the verbal arts. Mere intuition can reject the fashionable opposing views.)

treatments of such plays as *Macbeth* and *King Lear*.¹ Plays like these set forth a scheme of salvation achieved not only in spite of pain but through pain, the winning of a state in which, in Clutton-Brock's words, 'sorrow has led to its own joy, folly to its own wisdom, sin even to its own holiness': and it proves the validity of this scheme of salvation by presenting it to our *aesthesia* as being indubitably true to life.

Now of course, any pretension by any art-form to teach (or, more properly, to present) a doctrine of salvation inevitably and legitimately invites comparison of such doctrine with that of the greatest of the religions of salvation, Christianity. And I hold that on examination it will be seen that the doctrines offered by this type of tragedy and by Christianity are in essence identical. Though Christian soteriology is often explicated (or, it may be, obscured) by semi-legalistic discussions on 'justification' and the like, its essence is clearly stated by Paul as 'life in Christ', involving 'the fellowship of His sufferings', which mediate 'the power of His resurrection'. And this is essentially the tragic doctrine of a new plane of life, acceptance—a new poise and power of personality, won in the death-grapple with great pain; it is simply this doctrine with the explicit recognition of those theistic truths which tragedy is generally content to leave implicit.

This parallel will indeed be very close if a line of thought in Archbishop Temple can be shown to be valid. Dr. Temple holds (partly following and partly correcting Hegel) that tragedy shows how the world purges itself of evil—the evil which consists in the mere fact of the conflict of good with good, and also the positive evil which takes advantage of this more negative evil—and in the purging loses its greatest

¹ V., e.g., Bradley, in *Hibbert Journal*, ii. 4 (July 1904), 671, 675; *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 31, 36, 84, 147-8, 174, 198, 242, 322-6; J. Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies of Shakespeare*, 41, 44, 46. Sometimes, the dramatists themselves make the doctrine explicit, e.g., Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 163-84; Sophocles, *Oedipus Coloneus*; Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, fin.; Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, fin.

and best; but it leaves us with a sense of exaltation, because it gives us a vision of a very noble world, shows us a Fate which is at least in some sense just, and also in certain plays (only in some, because only in some can this be done without an aesthetic jar due to illegitimate extension of the time-span) hints that these great ones are conserved in immortality.¹ If this account of the tragic loss and recovery is true, then the parallel with the Christian salvation-cycle of Jesus' death and resurrection seems a very close one.²

But now a major difficulty presents itself. If tragedy (of the type now under consideration) is really aiming at the same result as Christianity, how is it that the winning of the tragic reconciliation seems dependent on the possession of a personality of heroic mould, whereas Christianity claims to be a way for the poor and simple?

To enlarge on this difficulty. Christianity, in claiming to be a universal religion, proclaims that its way of salvation is open to all, not indeed regardless of moral distinctions, but regardless of distinctions of what, for want of a better name, we may call 'greatness of personality'. A bad man cannot, as such, be saved; he has to be 'converted'; but this restriction in the Christian scheme is only justified, on the principles of that scheme, because the bad man (again, in that scheme) *need* not be a bad man—his evil being due to his free-will. But there is no penalty, in the Christian scheme, for being an 'ordinary' man—a man of good morals, but of no special outstandingness or distinctness of personality:

¹ W. Temple, *Mens Creatrix*, 139–52, esp. 145–50. This theory of a right and wrong use in drama of the concept of immortality is borne out by a study of Webster, especially of *The Duchess of Malfi*. In this play the appeal to immortality is direct and fairly frequent; and it is justified by the fact that Webster's peculiar power of accumulating horrors gives to the play that *cosmic* atmosphere which Dr. Temple shows is necessary if an appeal to 'the other world' is to be in place. (I cannot agree with Miss Ellis-Fermor's subordination of the Duchess's theistic faith, in *op. cit.*, 172, 187.)

² Note that in parts of the New Testament, notably Acts and Romans, it is often not so much the crucifixion as the resurrection that is mentioned as the distinctively saving force.

for Christianity is universal, but such distinction is rare; Christianity is just, and ordinariness of personality is not held to deserve any penalty, because it is not under the control of the will.

But in tragedy, the case seems otherwise. There the reconciliation is won by and in titanic struggles which necessarily involve personalities of quite outstanding 'size'. They need be no better than the average man in morals, or may even be distinctly inferior, as is probably the case with Macbeth, certainly so with Antony, and glaringly so with Cleopatra, 'courtesan and cat'. Yet these personalities are *great*; and not only *are* they great, but for the real purpose of the tragedy, the winning of their acceptance, they *must be* great. Cleopatra is a bad woman to the end; as Dr. Dover Wilson says, 'lying and cheating are so much a part of her nature that she tries them upon Caesar even after she has made up her mind to die'; but her last speech, which expresses alike her depth of sorrow and her winning of acceptance—

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me . . .

—is the speech of a very great woman. A lesser woman would have made a lesser speech; and a lesser speech could not have conveyed the idea of acceptance. In *Lear* too, the vastness of the old king's personality is needed for the winning of his acceptance; for he wins through to a wonderful beauty because his personality is—not specially *good*, but—*strong* enough to maintain its integrity amid griefs which even break his vigorous reason; a lesser man could have had nothing in his end but madness. It seems as if acceptance is a new 'organic whole' (in Professor G. E. Moore's sense), which is made out of elements some of which are evil, but which is qualitatively different from them, as an alloy is different from its component metals, and, also like an alloy, is able to be made out of its elements only at a high temperature—by a character of exceptional strength and poetic insight, driven by suffering to put forth its full force. The

tragic hero is generally no *better* than we are; but we see him doing what we know we could not do, because he is *greater* than we are.¹ His salvation, then, is not for us; but the Christian salvation is. How, then, can these two be identical?

This contrast should not be exaggerated. Part of the greatness of the tragic hero may be due to aesthetic reasons, such as the desire to produce a work which shall be 'sublime' and not merely 'beautiful'; it may not all, therefore, be philosophically significant, as necessary to achieve the tragic acceptance. On the other hand, the 'ordinary Christian' may not be so ordinary after all: a Christian of any considerable maturity of salvation comes to have a depth and richness of personality; and also extreme shallowness is a barrier to Christian belief, perhaps because it is morally culpable, perhaps because it merely is so. But, when all allowances have been made, there is a philosophically significant gap between the stature of personality of the tragic hero and that of the ordinary Christian believer.

The fact would seem to be that there are two levels of

¹ V., e.g., W. Temple, *op. cit.*, 134, 137-8; H. Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare*, i. 139, 144, 165. It is true that in one sense we are able to feel a *kinship* with the great tragic heroes; it is indeed of the essence of tragedy that we should do so. But we do not feel *on a level* with them. There is one type of tragedy, of which Tchेहov's *The Cherry Orchard* is an example, in which the whole point of the tragedy lies in the ordinariness of the characters. But I do not know that any tragedies of this class have a full reconciliation-doctrine; though George Moore's *Esther Waters*, Galsworthy's *The Fugitive*, and Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* approximate to it. This aspect of the connexion of tragic greatness with redemption should be distinguished from that more frequently noticed, *viz.*, that our being forced to recognize the heights to which human personality can rise forces us also to recognize the worth-whileness of things—though this is true, and important in its place. V., e.g., Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 19-23, 198, 279, 315; J. Dover Wilson, *The Essential Shakespeare*, 123-7; W. Temple, *op. cit.*, 134; F. L. Lucas, *op. cit.*, 57-8. Yet another reason for 'tragic greatness' is the purely theatrical one that high position, which involves greatness of a sort, makes possible a greater fall; v. Bradley, *op. cit.*, 8-11; F. L. Lucas, *op. cit.*, 106-10; and this doctrine is doubtless also implicit in Aristotle (*v. poetics*, 1453a, 7-11).

salvation; and the comparison which ought to be made is not that between the tragic hero and the ordinary Christian, but that between the tragic hero and the 'saint' (in the sense of 'religious genius'). These latter grapple with every difficulty at first hand, agonizing their own way through to salvation. Therein they are alike: their methods, however, are different; the tragic hero, in the main, starts as a humanist, and wrestles with external misfortune, ending in a faith whose theism may be only implicit, and which sets him in a saved relation to the world rather than (explicitly) to God; the saint begins with God, and wrestles (in the main) against various forms of his own self-centredness; he thinks of his salvation primarily as a relation to God, and only by implication as leading him to accept the world. But, as we have seen, these two concepts are not disparate at bottom.

The ordinary humanist and the ordinary Christian know that they leave much of this fight unfought. They cannot themselves profitably grapple with foes which can only be conquered in an anguish of insight to which they know their own personalities cannot rise. But they can and do in some way accept results won by the great pioneers of spirit. Every ordinary Christian knows and acknowledges that he is what he is not mainly by his own efforts, but by virtue of his following after leaders on a different plane from him—Christ and the saints. In essence, we may here note, the Church is the society of Christians formed by the spiritually great acknowledging that their eminence is meant to serve their brethren, and by the spiritually ordinary acknowledging their debt to the great and seeking to improve in their following of them. Similarly, though generally with less explicit acknowledgement, the ordinary humanist depends upon the tragic anguish of his great predecessors.

If this is so, interesting problems are raised for thought. How far is the salvation of us disciples real and valid? Or how far are we in duty bound to attempt to transcend our secondary position? In so far as we remain in our secondary

position, how is the mediation to us of our pioneers' results achieved? These are difficult and important problems, which we must not here pursue. The facts seem to be that there are humanistic salvation-seekers, and God-filled salvation-seekers; that within both classes there are pioneer-souls and disciple-souls; and that God in His mercy receives them all.

It is the great achievement of Mr. Eliot in *Murder in the Cathedral* to have realized that the tragic hero or saint (his St. Thomas is both) needs to be mediated if we ordinary folk are to win our salvation, and has his main importance in the possibility of this mediation. Hence Mr. Eliot has deliberately made his Chorus to be ordinary folk, unable to bear the Saint's passion or understand fully his doctrine, yet able somehow to live upon his spirit, and dependent on that spirit for their own spiritual life.¹ As to how this mediation is accomplished, Mr. Eliot is silent. And it is fitting that he should be so. The old soteriological controversy was marred beyond recovery by premature dogmatism. A new one is beginning in our age; and we can expect happier results only if thinkers show more modesty. But we can say with some confidence that the answer to the modern problem, when it comes, will give us a deep doctrine of the Church, and will be in large part an exposition of the nature of *agape*.

To avoid misunderstanding, I ought here to make one further point. It may be thought that, in setting forth the humanistic and theocentric ways of salvation side by side, and in treating any pioneer as if he were much like any other pioneer, I have forgotten the uniqueness of Jesus. I trust I have not really forgotten or underestimated this. I believe that His pioneering² was different from any other's, in that

¹ Incidentally, in so doing he has at last given to the Chorus in tragedy a part which is both consistent with itself and organic to the play. But in accomplishing this he has had to sacrifice one fine function of the Greek Chorus—the provision of relief by snatches of pure poetry from a realm above the conflict.

² Cf. The Greek text of Acts iii. 15; v. 31; Hebr. ii. 10 (v. J. Moffatt's note *ad loc.* in *Intern. Crit. Comm.*).

His struggle was not to win through to salvation for Himself, or even to win through to it for the sake of others, but to show forth, for the sake of others, the saved life which He had even at the beginning strongly grasped: I believe, also, that He showed forth God's concern in our salvation, as no other could do. I hold that these doctrines are involved in any acceptance of Jesus as the special revelation of God, and that they must be taken account of in any fully-worked-out theory of salvation. Nevertheless I feel that the general outlines of such a theory must be laid, not in speculations about Jesus Christ, where the theological imagination can so easily run riot, beyond the reach of any verification, but in a consideration of the known facts of human need and human response, especially the response of the greatest. Such a method may not yield, in our generation, any fully articulated *Dogmatik*; but it seems both a safe and a promising basis for living thought, and it rests on a proper reverence for the revelations of God's Spirit not in a book only, not in one Life only, but constantly in the lives of all sincere men.

JOHN F. BUTLER.

MARGERY KEMPE: MEDIEVAL MYSTIC, EVANGELIST, AND PILGRIM

THE recent discovery of *The Book of Margery Kempe* brings welcome treasure to the World of Letters, and adds a romantic chapter to the story of English Literature. The existence of the book had long been suspected. In the University Library of Cambridge there is a tiny quarto of eight pages, printed by Wynkyn de Worde (*circa* 1501) which states that its sequence of 'beautiful thoughts and sayings' was taken from the Book of Margery Kempe of Lynn. This charming little tract was reprinted by Pepwell twenty years later. It was not published again till it was included by the late Professor Edmund Gardner in his scholarly collection of English mystical writings, *The Cell of Self-Knowledge*. Up to three years ago those brief extracts were all we knew about either Margery or her Book. Now, after five hundred years, the manuscript of the original work has come to light. It was found on a bookshelf in the library of Pleasington Old Hall, Lancashire, the home of Lieutenant-Colonel W. Butler-Bowdon, who has issued a modern version of the text.¹ It was identified by Miss Hope Allen.

Margery's unique story has had an enthusiastic reception. It was heralded by special articles in *The Times*, and other accredited journals have greeted it as the most interesting literary find of the present age. Of all unforeseen possibilities for any mystical work, it proved to be one of the season's best-sellers! It has made an instantaneous appeal to numerous circles: to scholars specially interested in the post-Norman development of our mother tongue, to students of mystical phenomena, to those devoted to medical and surgical research, and, most especially, to all lovers of an entrancing travel-story. For Margery conducts us along some of the most frequented pilgrim-routes of this country, the continent, and

¹ Published by Jonathan Cape, London.

the Holy Land. She introduces us to a wide variety of human types, lighting up their characters with inimitable touches; and she allows us to listen first-hand to their conversation, which is freely spiced with native wit and broad humour. As giving a picture of the medieval scene the book is invaluable. It will make an admirable companion volume to that other rare collection of medieval documents, *The Paston Letters*.

Margery's name is mentioned only once in the book. She consistently refers to herself as 'this creature': a token of her humility. She is ruthless in the delineation of her own character—she hides nothing. Often she stigmatizes herself as a 'sinful caitif' and a 'vile wretch'. We feel, however, that in this utter self-abasement, she is doing what many other saints have done: to magnify the grace of God they vilify themselves. On the other hand, also like other saints, Margery claims and displays marvellous powers, whose operations produce in her body and mind extraordinary results, which at times are most alarming. She is sure to be variously labelled as eccentric, neurotic, or psychopathic; but none of these terms explains her. Margery's personality is bound to puzzle many, especially if they are unfamiliar with certain mystical types, to be found mostly amongst anresses and nuns.

One side of her nature—the practical—will present no difficulty; though even here Margery is far from normal. She was a devout lover of God's House, and, if they were worthy, of its ministrants; its numerous services also played a large part in her life. Her appreciation of symbolic values made her susceptible to crucifixes, images, pictures, ornaments, and altar lights. At the elevation of the Host she would bow in breathless adoration. She leaned hard on her confessors; gladly accepted their directions; and, because it gave her a sense of security, she frequently sought to be shriven. Pilgrimages took up much of her time; she never grew tired of visiting sacred shrines, holy relics, and hermits and anresses. Two of her chief joys were to listen to the reading of Scripture, and to sermons: she would walk miles to hear a good preacher.

She was touchingly tender-hearted, and generous, some might think, to the point of folly. To the poor, sick, aged, and infirm, she was an unfailing friend. All weak and wounded creatures, human or animal, instantly excited her pity; and she believed that in some mystical manner they shared the Cross of Christ. When necessary she could be painfully outspoken: ecclesiastics and aristocrats of all ranks, civic dignitaries, and members of the more lowly classes, had all smarted from the lash of her tongue. Her evangelical zeal sometimes bordered upon fanaticism; she would not let people alone: her caustic speech and persistent interference got her into endless trouble. But Margery was never one to 'take care'. She was brave in the face of danger, patient in suffering, and ready to run risks for Christ's sake. She would have welcomed the martyr's crown.

But there was another side to her nature—she was highly psychical. This fact proved embarrassing to her contemporaries, and it may alienate not a few of her readers to-day. In considering the phenomena associated with this condition, we must remember the age in which she lived. It was widely accepted that choice souls, wholly consecrated to the service of God, could, by the practice of the prayer-life, so mortify the powers of the body that the supernatural forces of the soul were released. By means of them it was possible to communicate with the unseen world. The doubt in the minds of Margery's fellow-believers was whether she was an elect soul or a hypocrite; the latter accusation was frequently flung at her. Her transports took on many forms. She enjoyed visions, locutions, and auditions; she could foretell the future; by specially directed prayer she could cure the sick, save life, and help a soul out of purgatory. There were more unusual forms. Wild outbursts of weeping would suddenly sweep from her; by the vehemence of her sobs, cries, and screams, she frightened people. These paroxysms were at times more alarming. She would fling herself down like one demented: she would wrestle and rave, make horrible grimaces, and while her face turned as livid as lead, sweat

would pour from her. Her sex-consciousness was rendered highly abnormal; even in her old age she was haunted with the dread of defilement. Her discussions with her husband as to their taking vows of chastity, her debates with herself and others as to whether she should wear white clothes, and her suspicion and fear of practically every man she met, were all manifestations of the same sex aberration. On the other hand, the records of her supernatural communications with the celestial world—with Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints—are so chaste, beautiful, and realistic, as to move the heart of the reader profoundly. In her conversations with our Lord, she approaches Him at different times as her Friend, Bridegroom, and Husband, but never once are these intimate exchanges marred by any element of eroticism: they are kept on the loftiest plane. Long passages of the biography are occupied with these meditations; of their kind, they are some of the finest in the whole range of devotional literature.

Margery was born at the busy port of Lynn in 1373. Her father was John of Brunham, five times Mayor of Lynn, and Alderman of the High Guild of the Trinity. When about twenty years old she married John Kempe, a worshipful burgess of Lynn; she bore him fourteen children. After the birth of the first baby her mind for a time was unhinged. 'She was wondrously vexed and laboured with spirits for half a year, eight weeks, and odd days.' The devils threatened and taunted her, and bade her forsake the Christian Faith. She was released from this madness by a vision of the Saviour. The transforming spiritual change, however, had not yet come. The world and its ways still gripped her. Pride in dress and ornaments, no matter how extravagant the fashions, was her weakness. To maintain her vanities she had to set about getting more money. With characteristic spirit she became a brewer, and later, a miller; at both she failed dismally. This badly shook her confidence, and she interpreted it as a sign of Divine displeasure. Now her thoughts seriously turned Godwards. One night as she lay in bed, 'she heard a

sound of melody so sweet and delectable, that she thought she had been in Paradise . . .’ That night Margery passed from darkness into light; the interior change had come; she was a new woman. Very soon she was well-set on ‘the way of high perfection’. She determined to pursue it steadfastly to its goal—complete consecration to Christ and His service.

In fulfilment of this purpose Margery was ready to go to any lengths. No ascetic was more resolute in spiritual exercises, and no missionary more zealous in seeking souls. The journeys she undertook, in that age, were surprising. She tramped across Europe and back; toured the Holy Land; went to Spain. When over sixty she set off for Germany. She travelled widely over our own country, visiting the principal cities, and in most of them encountered adventures, sometimes strange, often painful. In Bristol she was arrested on suspicion of being a heretic; at Leicester the Mayor charged her with being ‘a false strumpet, a false Lollard, and a false deceiver of the people’. She interviewed the famous Bishop Repingdon at Lincoln; at Cawood she was tried on a charge of heresy by the Archbishop of York, and was again before His Grace at Beverley, where she was taken by two yeomen of the Duke of Bedford, who had set a price of £100 upon her head. In London she had audience of another celebrated cleric, Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and in his garden ‘their dalliance continued till stars appeared in the firmament’. Often she was imprisoned, was roughly handled, had no food, and was treated with every kind of indignity and contempt; but she never complained. She was wonderfully sustained by Divine Grace. All the time she was ever ready to forgive, and indeed to help and bless her persecutors. It is a heroic story. It will brace the nerve and kindle the faith of the most sluggish.

For Christ’s sake she suffered much; she saw much suffering about her; yet she never doubted that behind the blood, and wounds, and tears of the world, there was ever beating the Heart of Eternal Love. Perhaps the chief value of her book is the reiteration of this fact.

T. W. COLEMAN.

Notes and Discussions

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

THIS is a timely and invaluable book¹ which every minister should read. Within the compass of 700 pages Professor Seton-Watson gives a fair and comprehensive account of British Foreign Policy from the French Revolution to the Great War. No other single volume covers the same ground. The author, at present holding the Masaryk chair of Central European History in the University of London, is an outstanding authority on Continental politics. In particular, he has an unsurpassed acquaintance with the Near Eastern problem. Dr. Seton-Watson devotes a great part of his book to this subject, but when it is remembered that the Balkans are ever with us, and that they, even more than the Franco-German feud, have involved Europe in successive crises and wars, we shall not be inclined to press the charge of disproportionate treatment.

It is difficult to gauge the consequences of British ignorance of foreign politics. It may very plausibly be argued that a more realistic appreciation of the situation in Europe, on the part of the British public in the twentieth century, might have prevented the Great War. In no country are men so liable to hug the shore of wishes and to shrink from the open sea of facts.

In spite of the lessons of the Great War, Englishmen are still liable to think in terms of isolation from the Continent. The main emphasis thus tends to be placed on domestic politics and social reform. Large sections of the population seem unable or unwilling to rise above a trade union mentality. The assimilation of such a book as this would help to correct such perversion and limitation of outlook. Here is a picture of the Western world, the *real* world where men live. Here we may learn the conditions under which political power is achieved and maintained. Religious teachers and idealists are naturally prone to ignore what men *do*, and to stress what they *ought* to do. Christians should rise superior to such one-sidedness. The dogma of Original Sin contradicts popular optimism and the easy-going belief in 'the essential goodness of human nature'.

Professor Seton-Watson shows us human nature in action, and this in what is held to be the most civilized part of the world. It is not a nice picture, but it has the merit of being true. This is how men and nations really behave. Here we may see 'the lion and the fox', brutality and cunning, open aggression and duplicity, greed and vengeance, shameless changes in national alliances, breaches of plighted faith, the undisguised sway of interest. What are the main lessons of this book?

1. Since the days of Robespierre and Napoleon the damaging legend of 'Perfidie Albion' has persisted. All the European powers

¹ *Britain in Europe, 1789-1914*. By R. W. Seton-Watson. (Cambridge University Press. 1937. 30s. net.)

have held in turn that Great Britain, taking advantage of her insular position, has deliberately set Continental nations at loggerheads with one another, and having thus embroiled them has pursued her own selfish imperial ambitions. Such a misconception is capable of doing tremendous harm. Nothing is more urgent than that it should be removed. What is the truth of the matter? The master-key both to the British character and policy is our geographical situation, close to, but detached from, the mainland. Although we cannot push our detachment to the same lengths as the United States, our relation to the Continent is peculiar. We are of it and yet not in it. This hybrid position gives the clue to the mediatorial rôle which all our greatest foreign secretaries have held to be Britain's true function. Montesquieu called us '*la puissance médiatrice de l'Europe*'. Canning aptly quoted Virgil

*celsa sedet Aeolus arce
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras.*

Amid the shifting controversies of the Great Powers, Britain has been a sort of chairman, with a casting vote. Our use of this casting vote has decided one great issue after another. It was the determining factor in the struggle with Spain (sixteenth century), France (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries), Napoleon (eighteenth and nineteenth centuries) and Germany (twentieth century). From time to time we have intervened on the side of our former enemies against our former allies. Superficially considered, this looks like inconsistency, even hypocrisy. More adequately interpreted our policy amounts to this—we are compelled to oppose any one Power that aims at continental supremacy. The peace of Europe, as well as our own survival, depends upon our resistance to any Power whose appetite for mastery is too unrestrained. This is and must be the permanent and fundamental element in British Foreign Policy. Such a function as arbiter lends itself to misrepresentation on the part of those who have been thwarted. A more impartial judgement would admit that our aim has not been to stir up strife but to defend peace. Canning himself gave a classical definition of this policy—‘not to interfere except in great emergencies and then with commanding force’.

2. Every great foreign minister, Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, Palmerston, Disraeli, Salisbury, Grey, has declared that *isolation* is, for Great Britain, an impossible ideal. Here again is a crux that has led our Continental neighbours to misjudge us. Our intervention in Europe from time to time, is based frankly upon pragmatical considerations; it is affected by the variable character of our party and parliamentary system of Government; and most of all by the instinctive feeling that we are ‘of Europe and yet not in it’. ‘The desire for isolation, the knowledge that it is impossible—these are the two poles between which the needle of the British compass has tended to waver.’ Such an oscillation was felt even up to the very declaration of war in 1914. It is hard to kick against the pricks but Destiny is ineluctable. Isolation is attractive; it is also, alas!

unattainable. In his 'swan-song' at the Guildhall, Lord Beaconsfield summed up, 'If one of the most extensive and wealthiest empires in the world, from a perverse interpretation of its insular geographical position, turns an indifferent ear to the feelings and fortunes of continental Europe, such a course would, I believe, only end in its becoming an object of general plunder. *So long as the power and advice of England are felt* in the Councils of Europe, peace, I believe, will be maintained and for a long period . . . ; without their presence war seems to me inevitable'.

Other responsible statesmen, including Mr. Eden, have agreed that an attempt to preserve aloofness, so far from achieving the ideal of 'splendid isolation' would almost infallibly confront us with a hostile Continental coalition. Nevertheless there tends to be a certain hesitation and reserve about the British attitude. Nothing could be further from the truth than the supposition that Great Britain itches to interfere with the Continent. Our heart hankers after isolation from European complications; our brain warns us that we cannot escape. This fundamental dilemma is a fruitful source of misunderstanding. Sorel in his *L'Europe et la Révolution* gave eloquent expression to the mingled admiration and resentment aroused on the Continent by the British attitude—'Leur histoire est pleine de ces alternatives, d'une indifférence qui fait croire à leur décadence, et d'un empörtement qui déconcerte leur ennemis. On les voit tour à tour abandonner l'Europe et la commander, négliger les plus grandes affaires du Continent et prétendre diriger jusqu'aux plus petites, passer de la paix quandmême à la guerre à outrance'.

On this subject Dr. Seton-Watson issues a warning as much needed to-day as ever, 'A blend of hesitation, detachment and ignorance does not necessarily spell degeneracy'. The belief in British decadence has always proved to be premature!

3. Our detachment has undoubtedly worked in the interests of moderation both in the negotiations which have preceded and followed war. The long death-struggle with Napoleon aroused upon the Continent the most furious passions of hatred and revenge. Great Britain had been brought to the edge of disaster and her National Debt had soared to an incredible figure. Yet it was Castlereagh and Wellington who restrained our allies from a vindictive peace. 'Not to collect trophies but to bring the world back to peaceful habits' was their openly proclaimed policy. On the whole, this is true of the entire period covered by Dr. Seton-Watson's book.

4. The present Foreign Minister has recently informed the world of what we consider our *vital interests*; interests, that is, which we would defend if necessary by force. There is nothing new about them.

(a) The action which rallied the British people behind the Government in 1914 was the same as united the nation in 1793, viz., the invasion of Belgium by a Great Power. In the earlier instance, the aggressor was France, in the later, Germany. The

preservation of the Low Countries and the Scheldt from the domination of any great European Power, has been the most steadfast note in all British policy since the days of Cromwell. Napoleon has given us the reason for this; in jubilation over his capture of Antwerp, he called it 'a pistol held at the head of London'. In our author's impressive words—'The suddenness with which the strong movement for neutrality collapsed on the news of the German invasion of Belgium in 1914 is one of the most remarkable instances of *unconscious* political instinct in our history'.

(b) Almost equally vital to our national and imperial security is the preservation of the freedom of the Mediterranean. Napoleon's avowed aim was to turn the Mediterranean into 'a French lake'. Other Mediterranean powers have been tempted to cherish similar aspirations. Nothing is gained by concealing from the world that any serious threat to the freedom of that sea and to our water-route to India and the East would be regarded by the British Government as a *casus belli*. These two strategic fundamentals, together with the maintenance of our national safety and territorial integrity, are our *vital interests*.

(c) It will not be questioned that the continued existence of Great Britain depends upon the maintenance of adequate naval superiority. We do not possess a conscript army on a large scale, nor do we feel constrained to imitate or envy the military power of the Continental States. But the instinct of self-preservation is aroused the moment any European Power challenges our naval supremacy. Sir Edward Grey put the case in a nutshell in a memorandum for the use of Edward VII: 'If the German navy ever became superior to ours, the German army can conquer this country. There is no corresponding risk of this kind to Germany; for however superior our fleet was, no naval victory would bring us nearer to Berlin. There is no half-way house in naval affairs between complete safety and absolute ruin.' Those who refused to see this were past all argument, and foremost among them were the German Emperor and his advisers.

The root-cause of the Great War was Germany's deliberate challenge to British sea-power. War was sooner or later inevitable after Wilhelm's flamboyant declaration, 'Our future lies on the water'. For non-insular powers a supreme navy is a luxury; for Great Britain it is a necessity. Even a man of Sir Arthur Salter's pacific temper has written, 'Nothing of course is an alternative to naval strength. If any enemy can obtain command of the sea and blockade us, he has us at his mercy. I assume therefore that we shall have a navy which will prevent him from doing so'. Sea-power saved us in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was the weapon by which the tyranny of Napoleon was eventually worn down. It was the deciding factor in the Great War. Churchill said of Jellicoe, 'He was the one man on either side who could win or lose the war in an afternoon'. But for the heroic work of the navy in 1917, Great Britain would have been starved into surrender. Home production

is never enough to feed even a quarter of our population, nor have we at any time more than three months' food in stock.

One of the important diplomatic principles that emerges from Dr. Seton-Watson's survey is 'Don't threaten if you can't perform'. Bluff may win an occasional success, but in the end it defeats itself. Canning once declared, 'A menace not intended to be executed is an engine which Great Britain could never condescend to employ'. It would have been better had some of his successors borne this maxim in mind. Our strong words and weak deeds in the case of Poland and later of Schleswig-Holstein made an unfortunate impression upon the Continent. Palmerston had issued the warning, 'Britain must not be regarded as a barking cur that runs off with its tail between its legs when faced and threatened'. Yet at the crisis he flinched. Moltke's comment was, 'England is as powerless on the Continent as she is presuming'.

Of all the modern wars in which Great Britain was involved, the Crimean was the most futile and unnecessary. It is instructive to observe that this was a war made by an ill-informed and excited public opinion against the better judgement of a divided Government. 'It is the classic disproof of the view that peoples are always pacific and only the statesmen and financiers warlike.' During the last three or four years there have been flagrant instances in this country when popular opinion has been as passionate as it has been mistaken. *Vox populi vox Dei* is a long way from being true. In the excitement following upon Orsini's attempt to murder Napoleon III, Palmerston, for almost the first time in his career, showed conspicuous moderation. For his reward he was defeated in the House of Commons, and this within a few months of his great triumph at the polls! Guizot's remark is worth remembering, 'After having committed absurdities for twenty years with impunity, Palmerston is upset for having behaved for once in his life with prudence and temper. A man ought to be consistent. If bullying and chicanery are his natural rôle, he should keep to them. If he deviates into moderation and good sense, he is lost'.

How far are great statesmen able to forecast the future? The answer is not encouraging. It is clear that they utterly failed to realize how formidable a force Prussia was becoming under Bismarck's leadership in the 'fifties and 'sixties. Great Britain continued to be jealous of France and suspicious of Russia while the German menace was developing before her eyes. It is hard to be objective, and well-nigh impossible to detach oneself from an old-standing national prejudice. Thus Cromwell wasted English lives in fighting Spain. Yet Spain's day was done. It was the rising power of Cromwell's ally, France, that really threatened us.

In 1890 Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain ceded to Germany Heligoland, the little island in the North Sea, in exchange for certain territory in Africa. The explorer Stanley seems to have voiced the general opinion when he spoke of exchanging a trouser button for a suit of clothes! We learned better in the four years of the Great War. (Incidentally, what country but Great Britain would not have claimed

back Heligoland after 1918?) Even sober statesmen succumb to the temptation of the wish to believe? The blindness of British opinion to the German peril in the half-century after the Franco-Prussian war can only be illustrated by the proverb, 'None so blind as those who won't see'. Yet as early as 1863 (before Prussia had beaten Austria and France to their knees, and so transformed the whole Balance of Power in Europe), Palmerston had uttered his prophetic warning, 'There is no use disguising the fact that what is at the bottom of the German design to connect Schleswig with Holstein, is a dream of a German fleet and the wish to get Kiel as a German seaport'.

Professor Seton-Watson's great book is not only a solid summary of facts; it is illuminated by many shrewd character-sketches and pungent quotations from biographies and diplomatic memoirs. Here are a few personal glimpses:

The Emperor William II, on the Czar's move towards universal peace—'I'll share in the comedy, but when waltzing I'll keep my sword by my side'.

Lord John Russell—'When I am asked if such or such a nation is fit to be free, I ask in return, is any man fit to be a despot?'

Von Roon, on the Danish War, 1864—'The question is not one of right but of force, and we have the force'.

On the Duke of Wellington—'He had an intellectual contempt for his social equals and a social contempt for his intellectual equals'.

Wilberforce, on Canning's biting epigrams—'His lash would have fetched the hide off a rhinoceros'.

Wellington, on Spain—'There is no country in Europe in the affairs of which foreigners can interfere with so little advantage as Spain'.

Talleyrand, on Austria—'Austria is Europe's House of Lords; so long as it is not dissolved it will keep the Commons in check'.

George IV, on Canning—'Canning takes as much courting as a woman, and a great deal more than most'.

The author himself is capable of turning a happy phrase—'With the usual resentment of the pot for the kettle, Metternich indignantly complained of King George IV's double dealing'. 'Napoleon's appetite was far superior to Fox's pacifist desires.'

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? When Tierney demanded that Pitt should define his war aims (against Bonaparte), 'without ifs and buts and special pleading ambiguity', Pitt rejoined, 'In one word I can tell him that it is *Security*'. That word of Pitt sums up the essence of British foreign policy.

Dr. Seton-Watson does not shrink from pointing out our own shortcomings and even blunders. But no impartial student can fail to appreciate the British record of moderation, magnanimity and disinterestedness in foreign affairs.

Dr. Holland Rose (our authority on the Napoleonic period) tells the following story: while studying at the Record Office he found himself near Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner (that monument of dispassionate accuracy). He ventured to say to Dr. Gardiner that the

more closely he studied British Foreign Policy, the better it appeared. To this Dr. Gardiner earnestly replied, 'It always does, it always does'.

Always is a big word, but *generally* would be well within the mark.

F. BROMPTON HARVEY.

THE INTELLECTUAL BASIS OF FAITH: A PLEA FOR THEOLOGICAL PREACHING

BEFORE entering upon any discussion it will be necessary to define the sense in which I use the word 'intellectual'. I do not use it in the popular sense as referring to people who talk in abstruse jargon on any subject, who have an esoteric air as though they dwell in worlds not peopled by the common herd, and who generally seem to be lost in the fog of their own profundity. I use the word in the plain and simple sense of the intelligent understanding and appreciation of truth. In this discussion the intellect is not regarded as the prerogative of the learned, but as the privilege of anyone of average mental capacity. That is to say the word is used in its psychological rather than in its social sense. The distinction is important, because failure to observe it is at the root of one of the greatest mistakes in the work of the ministry in modern times. Because of this misunderstanding it has become the fashion to despise intellectual preaching, and to favour either emotional appeal or topical and practical exhortation. It is tacitly assumed that the majority of folk who listen to us merely require simple and good advice, and that they have little interest in, or capacity to appreciate the truths which are the basis of Christian living. But the emphasis on emotional appeal and practical advice to the exclusion of basic truth is psychologically wrong. We cannot thus artificially separate thinking, feeling and willing. That separation is merely a text-book distinction which is useful for purposes of discussion, but has only the slightest correspondence with psychological reality. The quality and worth of an emotion are dependent on the idea which has caused it, and only an emotion which has been engendered by the apprehension of truth can issue in real and constructive action. The three aspects of the human psyche are mutually dependent, and any manner of life which emphasizes one or other of those aspects at the expense of the rest is fundamentally unsound. So Christianity, which is a way of life, to be whole and sound must be grounded in the clear understanding of truth; its emotions must be inspired by the perception of truth and not artificially created; it must issue in action which is controlled and directed by truth, and of which the driving force will be a wholesome emotion. The religion which subordinates the search for truth is unreal and ineffective; its emotions which are artificially created by certain types of revivalism and aestheticism are a waste of human energy, since they do not issue in good and constructive action. For these reasons the abandonment of theology by the majority of preachers

to-day is a mark not only of retrogression, but a sign of definite perversion.

This fashion to despise theology and theological preaching rests upon an absolute misunderstanding of the nature and function of theology. It confuses theology with the creeds and systems that have been formulated by theologians. That confusion is as foolish as the confusion of any particular scientific discovery or theory with science itself, or of any philosophical system with philosophy itself. These particular statements are the product of science, philosophy, or theology. They are the necessary expression in history of what scientists, philosophers and theologians have believed to be truth. Neither is science, philosophy, nor theology the sum of all the formulations put forward in its name. Theology like its sister sciences is an attitude of mind, a vital form of human activity. It is not the sum of a dead weight of tradition that shackles the freshness and freedom of Christian living. It is the attempt of the human mind to make plain to itself the truth of God in Christ without which there is no Christian life. Thus conceived theology ceases to become the exclusive province of the specialist. The truth of God in Christ is of direct and vital importance to every Christian, because Christian life to be real and valid must be based on that truth. If in our preaching we abandon the search for truth and the clear presentation of what truth we see, confining ourselves to appeal or practical advice, we may gather congregations, but we shall not produce Christians. What appeal we make and what advice we give must be clearly grounded in theological truth.

Either by reason of this misunderstanding, or because we have been at too great pains to accommodate ourselves to the unreflecting among our folk, adapting our message to tired business men and keeping our thought within the limits of the most poorly equipped minds, there has been a definite and serious decline in theological preaching. With what result? We have to face congregations to-day whose religious ideas are both inarticulate and formless, whose minds have hardly the slightest grasp of essential Christian truth. Two things we lament in the Methodist Church to-day; the decline of the prayer meeting, if not of the whole spirit of prayer; and the serious shortage of candidates for the local preachers' plan. The prayer meeting flourishes where there are definite ideas to express. The old prayer meeting was rooted in the somewhat narrow theology of our fathers. Their ideas may not have been altogether in accord with the modern mind, but they had ideas to express, and they could express them both in prayer and preaching. The average young man in Methodism to-day does not feel that he has sufficient understanding of Christian truth to take upon himself the responsibility of preaching. His state is typical of that of the majority of our people. The new and better theology that we possess as a result of the work of the last fifty years has succeeded in shaking the confidence of the unscholastic Christian in the old orthodoxy, but its positive ideas have not yet found a place in his mind. This fact explains the growing popularity of excessively dogmatic religious communions and movements such

as Roman Catholicism and the various fundamentalist revival sects. Religious dogmas clearly and forcefully presented, even if they are not strictly true and reasonable, have tremendous power over uncritical minds, especially, when as to-day, most other ideas political and commercial reach the public by means of mass suggestion. Those Christians, apart from the theologically educated, who have not succumbed to the wiles of the dogmatist find their religious ideas in a state of flux if not of chaos. It is impossible adequately to describe what is nebulous, but the faith of most of our people is probably either a vague theism slightly coloured by the teaching of Jesus on God's Fatherhood and love; or an emotional worship centred round the historical figure of Jesus which is coupled with uncritically accepted crude substitutionary notions of the atonement; or merely a vague sense that it is somehow pleasing to the Deity if they attend public worship and strive to observe an imperfectly understood Christian morality. John MacMurray in his book, *Creative Society*, bears out this analysis of the present state of mind of the majority of Christian folk. He says:

'There is abundant evidence that in the mind of the majority of people Christianity is a very vague and indefinite term which tends to associate itself emotionally with traditions and habits with which they are familiar. . . . The vague Christianity which has its meaning only in our emotional attachment to the world that is perishing, must perish with it. Unless we can discover a Christianity which is clear enough to be a beacon for the future, and sharp enough to cut a way for us through the tangled confusion of the present, we shall be blind guides and fireside warriors.'

One of our greatest needs in this confused world of clashing and strident ideologies is that we shall possess a faith that is clearly defined, understood, and expressed; a faith that will at once commend itself as reasonable and do justice to the essential Christian truths. And since we make our most direct impact on the world through the laity, it is more than necessary that the laity should have firm hold upon such a faith. Hence the need for intellectual, or what is a better word if we do not misconstrue it, theological preaching.

Every great revival of religion which has been abiding in its results has been inspired by a definite theology. The Evangelical Revival is a case in point. If there are any inclined to doubt this statement I can only recommend an earnest reading of John Wesley's sermons which have at least enough theology in them to form the basis of the doctrinal statement of the modern Methodist Church. In Free Church history Churches have shown most vigorous life when interest has been taken in theological questions by the pew as well as the pulpit. That life was often marked by bigotry and narrow intolerance, for a bad theology will result in unchristian judgements and actions, but it was life.

Every new wave of vitality which has permanently affected the life of the Church has been made possible by the discovery or re-discovery of some aspect of theological truth. That is a lesson we must learn before we shall see any real and valuable revival in our day, and that may very possibly mean that our first task will be in relation to the few rather than the many. The only way to revival that most of our leaders seem to see is to recapture the crowds

for organized religion even at the expense of watering down the religion to which it is hoped to win them. The magic word is 'attract'. If only we can succeed in attracting the crowds the problem is solved and the Kingdom of Heaven is here. To do this we must make our services brief, bright, and brotherly; we must preach popular sermons without the least suggestion of mental strain; in middle class areas we must have gothic buildings, liturgical services and a flavour of culture; in poorer class areas we must be evangelistic and philanthropic; and so by these and other means we must beguile the multitudes into swallowing a very small pill of gospel with a very large coating of sugar.

We are in great danger of an abject surrender to one of the most disquieting tendencies of our day. We are supposedly living in an age of enlightenment and education, yet mental life among the majority of folk is practically non-existent. We have taught people to read, but have not taught them to think. We have abolished illiteracy, and have exposed the majority of people to the unprincipled attacks of the political, commercial, and religious slogan-mongers. The growth of the popular Press coincides with the extension of literacy.

Popular demand has become the arbiter of public supply, and popular demand does not ask for anything which requires strenuous mental activity. The public is not asked to think: its ideas are served up attractively cooked, and all the mental chewing that is necessary is the slight effort of reading the printed word. Everything has to be popular in order to catch the ear and eye of the public, books, music, science, and preaching. To be popular it is necessary to come down to the mental level of the majority. So when philosophy, science, art, and religion have succeeded in becoming thoroughly popular and absolutely attractive we shall have entered the kingdom of mental inanity, moral stultification, and spiritual atavism.

Christianity cannot be made thoroughly popular if it is to remain Christian, because there is in it a hard core which is opposed to popular demand and natural inclination. If we are to remain true to the faith we need the courage to be unpopular. If we are to serve the Kingdom of God well we shall not be afraid to ask from our people some amount of mental activity. The revival which will bring enduring life and power to the Church will not abandon newly perceived truth, neither will it ignore theology as being secondary to experience: it will be the result of a clear understanding of truer and more worthy conceptions of God, and a courageous obedience to a deeper apprehension of His will. So this revival will take into account all the fuller light which has been granted as a result of the heartsearching, the patient research, and the comprehensive thinking of the past few decades. Modernism has been merely destructive of the outworn long enough. It is time to be constructive, and to lead our people by positive thinking into a fuller Christian life based upon the best and truest theology that we can attain.

G. SYDNEY FREEMAN.

DR. R. F. HORTON

THE production of an adequate biography of a great character needs knowledge, detachment and a critical faculty. Those qualifications are difficult to combine in one writer, but much more so if the estimate is to be the work of two authors. In the recent biography of Dr. R. F. Horton¹ the task has been essayed and well done. The first writer tells of his home, pastorate and various public services, while the second records the school and university days and the eventide years. The finished work is a whole and that is a great satisfaction to all who read the book. The task was the more difficult because of the brief time between the subject's decease and the publication of this authoritative biography.

Dr. Horton was pre-eminent as few ministers can be. He was Horton of Hampstead as much as Dr. Parker was of the City Temple and Dr. Dale was of Carr's Lane. These three Congregational ministers adorned the Free Church Pulpit of their day and held sway over thousands. They spanned the prosperous years of Nonconformity, those Victorian days of expanding commerce and regular church attendance, and the work of Horton lasted on to the period of slump in business and emptying churches. He reigned in a time when the church at Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, was full to overflowing, and resigned in a day when, at his farewell service, the congregation only partly filled the church. This was not due so much to the failing power of the minister as to the changed habits of the people. This perplexing and disappointing fact is frankly discussed in this biography. Dr. Horton's reaction to a decreasing membership is so human that it will comfort many who have known little else. It will do more, for we see the supreme courage and intense spiritual devotion with which he met the difficulty and our drooping spirits will be revived to minister in the timeless things.

Horton is revealed in these pages as a great scholar, a fine saint and a faithful servant, and yet one so human that he constantly confesses failure and depends on his friends for encouragement in times of opposition and ridicule. This book is an effort on the part of those who worshipped with him to save him from a threatening oblivion.

He was a great scholar, born in a London Congregational manse, and reared in an atmosphere of dogmatic religion. His grandfather was a Wesleyan missionary in New South Wales, who retired in 1852. In his house in Covent Garden, Robert Horton began to preach to a congregation of chairs and tables and occasionally to a patient member of the household. His education began at Tettenhall School, Wolverhampton, and was continued at Shrewsbury Grammar School where the classical standard was high. There he planned to be a barrister, which idea he abandoned for the work of the Christian ministry. He went to Oxford in 1874 to sit for a Corpus scholarship and

¹ *Robert Forman Horton.* By Dr. Albert Peel and Sir John Marriott. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

failed. Later he was elected to New College, then in its golden age. It was an interesting period in the life of the University for the doors had only recently been opened to Nonconformists. Horton was a prodigious worker, a keen oarsman and, like Wesley before him, had a great concern for 'the unprivileged' while at Oxford. In his Schools examination in 1878 he was first in every paper. In the Essay Society Horton found the salt of college life and his papers before that learned body were brilliant. Meanwhile his fame as an orator grew and he was unanimously chosen President of the Union in 1877. In 1879 he was elected a fellow of New College and after a period as lecturer in Modern History, left Oxford for good in 1883. During this time he founded the Nonconformist Union. As an author Horton wrote some fifty-four volumes, mostly of a devotional character.

He was a fine saint and the ministry at Hampstead, with which his name is always associated, took shape in 1879, when he preached in a temporary building in the suburb and was invited to become its lay pastor. In 1880 he began his work and after a period of overlapping between Oxford and London he settled at Hampstead in 1884. The famous incident of his nomination as examiner in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion, and the controversy and conflict which followed brought him fame, resulted in his repudiation of Oxford, and decided his course with regard to Hampstead. Lyndhurst Road Church was opened on July 3, 1884, when the ministry, which attracted so many leaders of men in many spheres, had well begun. His open air work on the famous Heath drew large audiences while the life of the Church was marked by that deep spirituality which accomplished much in character building, social reform and world-wide generosity. Horton lived with God that he might minister to men and that fact was evident all through his fifty years at Hampstead. He longed for results in soul-winning so much that he was an evangelist to the end of his days. As a thinker he was always ready to express his mind on living issues, with a courage that was remarkable. Throughout the years his sensitive soul lamented much apparent failure to obtain results and he was often tempted to relinquish the task. His resolutions recorded in his autobiography show how weak, as well as how strong, a great saint can be. He lived for years with a busy evangelical aunt (who owned Cliff College) whose activities were often in opposition to his own. She tried his spirit, but he never allowed his relationship with her to be embittered. His goodness was particularly evident in his friendship with the lady he had asked during his student days to be his wife. Miss Mellor was already engaged to be married but between Mrs. Oakes (as she became), her husband and R. F. Horton there grew up an ideal companionship, maintained first by an invaluable correspondence and afterwards by residence in his Hampstead home up to the death of Mrs. Oakes. What the Church and the world owe to that friendship cannot be measured. Suffice it to say that Horton was guided, inspired and chastened in the amplest way by her mind. After her death in 1910 her husband continued with Horton till he too passed in 1917. A year later Dr.

Horton married Miss Basden whose charm and devotion made his sunset years glorious and enriched his life with the gift of a daughter.

As a servant, the scholar-saint was devoted indeed. He loved folk and was happiest in their service. Throughout his ministry he lifted the burdens of countless folk by letters and gifts, especially during the years of the Great War. He was the steady supporter of all good causes and the care of his ministerial brethren was always upon him. He gave generously of his income to build his church and to support his sisters and stepmother. He gave of his mind to the enlightenment of many problems and was constant in his spiritual gift of prayer as all who heard him knew. To have listened to him is a gracious memory and to have this record of his life is a prized possession.

J. HENRY MARTIN.

RECENT LITERATURE ON MUSIC

'PLAYERS', wrote Hazlitt, 'should be immortal, if their own wishes or ours could make them so.' One is reminded of this in reading Edith J. Hipkins's *How Chopin Played* (Dent, 3s. 6d.) and Percy A. Bull's entertaining little book of reminiscences: *Stray Notes: Musical and Otherwise* (Cryers Library, Cheam, Surrey, 5s.). As will be seen, a distinction must be drawn between Chopin the pianist and Chopin the composer. The latter will continue to live for some time yet.

Mr. Bull's memories of great singers go back to 1873 when, as a boy, he was taken to the Albert Hall and heard part of a performance of *The Messiah*. Among the soloists then were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Agnesi. He has also a boyhood recollection of Sims Reeves singing 'Deeper and deeper still' and 'Waft her, Angels' to such effect that many were moved to tears. He saw his first opera on July 15, 1875, when he heard Titiens, Christine Nilsson, and a Signor de Reschi in *Don Giovanni*. Sir Michael Costa was the conductor, and Signor de Reschi was none other than Jean de Reszke, then appearing as a baritone. Mr. Bull, therefore, can speak authoritatively of the golden age of opera. Unfortunately, he recalls the *contretemps* rather than any little points by which he could reveal to us the art and personality of a bygone artist in a phrase. But, after all, why should Mr. Bull be blamed for this? Even so experienced a writer as the late Herman Klein was often deficient in this respect, and in fact it is doubtful whether in the whole of musical criticism there are pen-portraits of singers and instrumentalists so alive as Hazlitt's descriptions of Mrs. Siddons and Kean, albeit Hazlitt writes of occasions on which he can stress their limitations. Mr. Bull does, however, convey something of what Victor Maurel meant to those who heard him as Iago and Telramund, and he is also very successful in his pages on Moiseiwitsch, to whom he was the first to give a paid engagement in England. This was at the Wimbledon Nine O'Clocks, of which Mr. Bull was co-founder and organizer. All in all, his book is quite an historical document, for it is likely that when a

Mr. Bull of, say, forty years hence sits down to write his memories of the nineteen twenties and thirties the emphasis will be quite different. Ballets and great orchestras will perhaps take precedence of singers, pianists and violinists.

Miss Hipkins's book is founded upon 'contemporary impressions' from the diaries and notebooks of her father, the late A. J. Hipkins, well-remembered as the author of *Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare, and Unique* and for many years connected with the firm of Broadwood.

Chopin made two visits to England, in 1837 and 1848 respectively. Of the first little has been recorded. All that is known seems to be that the *Musical World* of February 28, 1838, spoke enthusiastically of his genius, and that he himself was struck by the responsiveness to his touch of Broadwood pianos. On his return in 1848 one of the first visits he made was to their warehouse in Great Pulteney Street, and it was then that Hipkins first saw him.

Of another occasion Hipkins has left a fine description: 'To save Chopin fatigue he was carried upstairs (he died the following year). Physical weakness was not, however, the cause of his tenderly-subdued style of playing. This was his own, and inseparable from his conception of pianoforte touch; it was incapable of modification from any influence whatever. His *fortissimo* was the full pure tone without noise, a harsh inelastic note being to him painful. His *nuances* were modifications of that tone, decreasing to the faintest yet always distinct *pianissimo*. His singing *legatissimo* touch was marvellous. The wide, extended *arpeggios* in the bass were transfused by touch and pedal into their corresponding sustained chords, and swelled or diminished like waves in an ocean of sound. He kept his elbows close to his sides, and played only with finger-touch, no weight from the arms. He used a simple, natural position of the hands as conditioned by scale and chord-playing, adopting the easiest fingering, although it might be against the rules, that came to him. He changed fingers upon a key as often as an organ-player.' It is usually forgotten that Chopin was appointed organist to the Lyceum at Warsaw at the age of sixteen.

It has often been contended that to play Byrd and Purcell, Couperin and Rameau, Scarlatti and Bach upon modern grand pianofortes is to give such music tonal values undreamed of by its composers. Similarly, from much of what Miss Hipkins writes, it can be argued that modern Chopin-playing on the instruments of to-day is totally different in character and effect from Chopin's own playing.

Chopin preferred the square and cottage types of piano, and as we saw in the above extract he did not resort to forcefulness, but created the effect of a marked *fortissimo* by its proportionate volume to his *pianissimo*. Chopin's technique, Miss Hipkins suggests, looked more to the past than to the future, and was nearer to the technique required for the clavichord than to that required for the modern grand pianoforte. She cites some interesting remarks of Ernst Pauer on the difference in the mechanism of early and late pianos: 'whilst the Viennese hammer of the time of Beethoven and Hummel (1815-30)

was covered with four or five layers of buckskin of varying thicknesses, the present hammer is covered with only one piece of felt, and produces a tone which, though larger and stronger, is undoubtedly less elastic; the action of the Viennese piano was very simple and it lacked many improvements which enable the present piano, with its almost perfect mechanism, to do a considerable part of the work for the performer. Thus we find that while formerly tone, with its different gradations, touch, the position of the fingers, &c., had to be made matters of special study, the present piano with its accomplishments saves this labour: whilst formerly the pedal was used but sparingly, it is at present used almost incessantly. . . . The thinner tone of these pianos allowed an amalgamation of tone colour: the preponderance of metal in modern instruments precludes it.'

Hipkins thought that the change occurred with Czerny, 'who relinquished the touch of the eighteenth century, founded mainly on the individual use of the fingers with their sliding movement, for the percussive touch based on equalization of the fingers'. Unless one misunderstands Miss Hipkins, the 'sliding movement' refers to the moving of the fingers from the back of the keys to the front while the keys were still down, and was an attempt to render on the piano the effect of the *bebung* on the clavichord.

Curiously enough, if modern Chopin-playing is far removed from the playing of the composer himself, the same is true of our treatment of Beethoven. Although Czerny was a pupil of Beethoven, Miss Hipkins quotes sentences of her father, of Czerny and Hanslick, showing that Beethoven did not approve of the new style, and that he preferred Cramer's touch to all others.

Miss Hipkins concludes with a plea that there should be a revival of the square piano just as there has been a revival of the harpsichord and clavichord. Certainly a good deal of the piano music of composers of to-day has exploited the percussiveness of the piano at the expense of cantabile playing: but one cannot help thinking that it is too late to return to the square piano for performances of the works of Beethoven and Chopin. Much of their work demands strength and vigour; and to return to the older type of instrument would probably mean the cultivation of delicacy to excess, culminating in a flabbiness which would be just as foreign as any abuse of the power of modern instruments. One could argue at length as to which was the lesser of two evils.

One frequently hears complaints of the decay of handwriting, but manuals on the subject and copybooks are still plentiful. When one turns, however, from everyday writing to the copying of music, one finds quite a different state of things. And any one who, like the writer, has had to do a certain amount of conning of composers' manuscripts will hope that Mr. Archibald Jacob's *Musical Handwriting* (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.) will be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. A perusal of this book should make illegible, smudgy, ill-spaced manuscripts inexcusable.

STANLEY A. BAYLISS.

Ministers in Council

WHY NOT A METHODIST REFRESHER COURSE? In our last number mention was made of a well-organized Summer School attended by clergy and ministers held this year at Cambridge. Similar gatherings are also found elsewhere under distinctively Nonconformist auspices. Thus from July 19 to 30 ministers from many parts of Wales met for the second year in succession for a Free Church Summer School at Llanwrtyd Wells, a delightful spot situated between Llandrindod Wells and Builth Wells. Several College principals and professors delivered lectures, and addresses were given by Dr. Elvet Lewis and others. The subjects included 'The Person of Christ'; 'Psychology in the Service of Religion'; 'Modernism and Orthodoxy'; 'Christianity and Nationalism'. Methodism in Ireland has had its Refresher Courses for Ministers, as witness, for example, those held last September in Belfast at the Edgehill Theological College, at which Dr. W. F. Howard was the chief lecturer, and at which also the Rev. F. E. Harte, M.A., delivered the four lectures on Preaching afterwards published by the Epworth Press.

At the Bradford Conference in July the Rev. T. A. Jefferies, M.Sc., pressed upon the Ministerial Session the need for Methodist Refresher Courses in England. Unfortunately the matter only arose at about the last hour of the Conference and so it was not possible for the suggestion then to have the attention it so well merited.

Mr. Jefferies, however, has most kindly placed at our disposal some comments on the reasons which urged him to advocate these Courses. He states: 'Amid the many duties of circuit life few of us can keep up with the development of theological thought as it is affected by research, discovery and related fields of inquiry. We all read a few books, some read many; but the few are not enough to keep us up-to-date, and those who read many generally specialize and need help in the branches outside their special interest. Personally, I try to keep up with biology and am always grateful when I can get to such lectures as are provided in Newcastle-on-Tyne at the Theological Society by Manson, Quick, Raven and others and elsewhere at some ministerial gatherings by our College men or others who have special ability. Their surveys help to fill the rather numerous lacunae in my knowledge. But of course all such lectures can deal only with a little of the great field we need to know and that is why I put Surveys of recent developments in Theology and related matters first in my outline. And we need them both in regard to the Bible and Doctrine. Without such renewing of our thought we tend to lose touch with our age, become vague or dogmatic, and often make serious misstatements, tendencies which grow worse the farther we are removed from our College days. The more we keep up with the movement of thought, the more precise and convincing is our message.' And so as

a first argument for such Courses, Mr. Jefferies would set the improvement consequently effected in preaching.

But he adds: 'Secondly, such Retreats help men to carry the burden of leadership and to sustain the loneliness into which our calling projects us.' He believes also that 'such Retreats would provide us with schools of discipline', a need he holds to be fundamental, as 'the peculiar peril of the ministry lies in the fact that every minister is his own master'.

From other quarters evidence has been quickly forthcoming that this notion of a Methodist Refresher Course for Ministers is making an appeal, because of the opportunity it would give for freshening and vitalizing knowledge and so increasing efficiency for service as well as fostering the growth of a man's own soul. It would materially assist if those whose thoughts are turning in this direction would give expression to their desires. Communications from readers would be welcomed.

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MANCHESTER DISTRICTS' MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION. The Secretary of this Association, the Rev. J. F. Loveday, kindly sends me word of the last session which was held at New Mills under the presidency of Dr. C. J. Wright. The General Topic was 'The Gospel'. Essays were given by Dr. Meecham, Dr. Wright and the Rev. D. O. Williams, M.A., on 'Jesus and the Gospel', 'Paul and the Gospel', and on 'John and the Gospel'. Papers were also read by the Rev. E. Brady, B.D., and the Rev. James Lockhart on 'The Gospel: its Interpretation for to-day' and 'The Gospel: Methods of Presentation to-day'. At an evening public meeting addresses were given by Dr. J. A. Findlay and the Rev. C. H. Ratcliffe on 'The Gospel and the Individual' and 'The Gospel and Society'. The next meetings will be in May when the main theme will be 'The Church'. It is hoped to have an essay on 'The Church in the New Testament' and another on 'The Methodist Position', with special reference to the Conference Committee's Report on 'The Nature of the Christian Church'. It is also designed to have an essay on 'Church Reunion', with special reference to the World Conference on 'Faith and Order'. Addresses are to be given at public meetings on 'The Inner Life of the Church' and 'The Church and the State'.

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DARLINGTON CIRCLE. The Rev. Frank C. Wilson, secretary of the Circle, reports that meetings were held last session, quarterly, in the Y.M.C.A. and have been attended by ministers of each section of our Church. In the mornings H. H. Farmer's *The World and God* has been taken, introduced by the Revs. J. H. Smith, W. J. Lewis, E. B. Hartley, B.A., B.D., and G. R. Russell. Among literary topics in the afternoons the Revs. Leonard Duchars, Raymond Horn and W. H. Campbell have led in the discussion on the works of John Masefield.

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SCUNTHORPE POLYGON. At the closing meeting of last season the Rev. L. C. Barker dealt with the last chapter of Bergson's *Two Sources of Morality and Religion*. Keen interest was shown by the

members in Bergson's fundamental distinction of the static and dynamic in both morality and religion. In the afternoon the Rev. G. Bell outlined the earlier part of Evelyn Underhill's *Worship*. So provocative a conversation followed that it was decided to pursue the topic further at a later meeting. It was also agreed that the morning theme for the coming year should be J. O. F. Murray's *Jesus according to John*.

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THE ASSOCIATION FOR ADULT RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. This Association has for Presidents the Rev. A. E. Garvie, D.D., and Canon V. F. Storr, M.A., whilst its Vice-Presidents include the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Inge, Dr. J. Scott Liddett and Dr. Selbie. It seeks to arrange for University Extension Lectures on Biblical themes. In a circular sent to me announcements are made of a series of Lectures to be given in London at the University College. Dr. Ryder Smith is to lecture on 'The History and Religion of Israel' on Tuesday evenings from September 28 to April 5. Miss Marjorie S. West, B.A., B.D., will give a similar course on 'The Acts, Epistles and Revelation' on Monday evenings, and a further series on Friday evenings on 'Gentile Religions in the Time of Christ'. Dr. C. H. Dodd is to give a public lecture on 'Miracles in the Gospels' on October 4. Each lecture is to last one hour and will be followed by a Discussion Class. The University of London has instituted a Diploma in the Literary, Historical and Comparative Study of the Bible. For such Diploma the first two Courses of the Lectures mentioned are intended to serve as a preparation. It is stated, however, that all three Courses would be of use for the Certificate of Proficiency in Religious Knowledge of the University of London, as well as for the Certificate of the University Extension Committee. This will indicate the high standard taken by the Association. The London University provides a travelling library to each class free of charge. The spread of such work outside London would be a great boon to all Bible lovers.

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I shall be glad to receive further reports and also comments on any subject suitable for these columns.

10 Mainwaring Road,
Lincoln.

W. E. FARNDALE.

Religion in Education for July (S.C.M. Press. 1s. 6d. net) has the competence and timeliness which we are accustomed to expect in its articles. The contribution by Mr. R. F. Bailey on the Fourth Gospel, reflecting as it does the latest views of experts, is wonderfully comprehensive and informative. Not less instructive and up-to-date are the Lesson Notes of Miss Avery on the Old Testament. The Rev. H. K. Luce writes a very sane article on 'Religious Education in Secondary Schools'. Among many good points is his suggestion that the elements of religious philosophy might with advantage be taught to older pupils. Interesting papers follow on 'Church History in the Day School', on 'School Music', and on 'Camps for School Girls'. In addition there are the usual Reviews and Annotations on new books.

Editorial Comments

JOHN CORNELIUS.

'He belongs, I suppose, to the little group of unique *amateurs* of literature—Goldsmith, Beddoes, FitzGerald, Peacock, Lewis Carroll, Kenneth Grahame—men who, learning no rules, acquiring no professional efficiency, discover kingdoms that are theirs and theirs alone for ever.'

Such is Sir Hugh Walpole's conclusion as he surveys his own creation, John Cornelius. The discovery of John's kingdom was a joyous adventure in a world which completely misunderstood the adventurer. Perhaps those who read this fascinating book will question the joyousness of the washerwoman's son who failed as a novelist but succeeded as a teller of tales spun of gossamer by the light of a fairy lamp.

He was born near the sea, and grew up in a house where his mother, whom he loved utterly, became maudlin and inept. Her whole life was a muddle—it was 'her constant bewildered despair at the muddle she was in that tempted her to drink'. Perhaps it was this increasing helplessness which encouraged John's protective instincts to develop so quickly. In this close intimacy there was a religious tie which bound them together. Mrs. Cornelius 'believed in God as though He might at any moment come in and inspect the laundry'. Her husband was an atheist, generous and incompetent—a wistful Micawber who made shell-boxes and had great difficulty in marketing them.

John grew up convinced that someday he would astonish the world. As actor or novelist he would be famous. His two life-long friends, Anne the uncalculating lover and Charlie Reade, practical but reckless in his devotion, believed he was right. So the story unfolds, told at times by Cornelius, and retold by the friend to whom he gave his confidence, told at other times directly by that same friend, but always shaped by the inimitable craftsmanship of Hugh Walpole.

Critics may remark a certain unevenness of style, and explain it by the four years of intermittent construction, but one feels that this is a masterpiece, reflecting in that very unevenness a quality in the life of this romantic idealist who wandered towards his goal through a maze of shadowy frustrations. His vanity exposed him to mockery, but it was not unpleasant vanity; it was merely the outcome of an utter sincerity. He believed, quite simply, that he was a novelist. He was determined to be famous, and in the bitterness of defeat, and, later, in the hour of his unwanted fame, he tried to describe his quest—'to find—what? I don't know. The thing that gives you tranquillity. The Peace of God perhaps'.

We follow him to London—to Pimlico where 'nothing seemed to happen, but everything was hinted at'. We are introduced to a score of strange people, moving on the stage, sometimes shadowy and vague, sometimes sharply outlined against a plain back-screen. He wanders

self-confident and, at the same time, self-distrustful. He is real enough. We can believe in everything except his ugliness. By this time we care for him too much to see that clearly.

He is such a strange mixture—taking everything that is offered but giving everything he has.

We hear him, in an hour of disillusionment, a little boy ‘sniffing . . . and drawing those sad little sporadic gulps that are the after-grief of children’. We listen to his criticism of old Lady Max whose ‘face was a map—of a country poisoned with malaria’. We see him in that postponed schooling which was so great a shock to him. (There are passages in his life at Reiner’s which are as good as anything Sir Hugh has ever written. Only John Cornelius noticing the glory of the Downs, saw ‘the sun lie like the palest Chinese amber over fields as ancient as time, and heard a voice say: “You be faithful to me. I’ll be faithful to you”.’ The vision possessed him now. He walked into the new school ‘a boy blinded by light’. Presently young ruffians took him, in sight of those Downs, beat him to his knees, stood in mockery forcing him to say ‘Our Father’ but he did not cry; he said ‘the Lord’s Prayer into the very heart of that green light’.)

On went the seeker only dimly conscious of what he sought. In and out amongst the crowd of people who wrote books, writing his novels that failed and his tragic play that became a farce, up to the War with its sordid realities. He was transfigured at Baupon where ‘the sunny terror dwelt on every dust-grain of the road’. He came to the turn past the poplar-trees—but no one must lead you there save Walpole himself. He, I think, has found it and can guide you safely.

The War ended. John Cornelius was married to Mercia, who ‘gave no real response to anybody, for she had no warmth of either curiosity or feeling. She had an egotism so colossal that nothing could penetrate it, no suffering, no need, no anger’.

They would not have his novels but they loved his fairy-stories. She was *so* glad! How he hated it. . . . On through this most distasteful success to—the road past the Poplars—where—

It is a beautiful book, a joyous journey. What does it mean? No words can say. ‘The key to John Cornelius’s life was . . . first his fidelity, second his search for the real world behind the factually visible one.’ It was Ter-na-nogue if you will, or the world where Dear Brutus wandered, but it was his kingdom. He knew, as little children know, the deep, changeless things, so perhaps he shared the kingdom with God. There were two things it was so difficult to talk about—the love of God and love of Man. He was more sure of them as the journey lengthened, but he was lost and confused amidst the noise.

He pressed on towards the gentle stillness where he might know those two things to be true!

Only those who loved him saw what he was. There is no higher tribute we can pay to his creator than to say that we learned to love him too. Afterwards, they wrote his epitaph: ‘It may be said of him truly that he loved his fellow-men, but with equal truth that he was always a stranger in the world that they had made.’

Somewhere on the road near Baupon, beyond the poplars, He who was so often a stranger too, saw him and took him in.

John Cornelius—Sir Hugh Walpole—(Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

LIBERATOR OF THE WORLD.

In view of Mr. H. G. Wells' recent protest against 'hole and corner history' and his insistence on the relative unimportance of Palestine, it is interesting to turn to Father Conrad Noel's *Life of Jesus*. The first part of his book maintains that the development of the idea of the Kingdom of God in Jewish history gives us the key to Christ's proclamation of a new World Order. If this be true the story of the progress of the little nation settled in Palestine might be considered sufficiently important to be included in the most modern curriculum. 'If the Jewish race have, at times, contaminated the world, it is also from that race that the hope of redemption has sprung.'

It is unnecessary, as Father Noel stoutly asserts, to apologize for the publication of this new *Life of Jesus*. This is the first serious attempt by a passionately sincere Christian Communist to interpret the life and teaching of Christ from his own particular standpoint. The author claims that he has tried 'to keep the balance between Christ's plan for world liberation and His intimate dealings with the individuals with whom He came in contact'. It is a sincere effort to express a synthesis but it is not altogether successful. Though Father Conrad Noel protests vigorously against the efforts of Puritan, pacifist and total abstainer to force their own specific interpretation on the teaching and personal attitude of Jesus, he is himself so overborne by his own crusade that he approaches each situation from the limited standpoint of the special cause. He is a social revolutionary, but just because of this his book makes a definite contribution to our better understanding of the Gospel. Whilst it misses many other things we may be sure it will not pass over anything which interprets the 'world-statesmanship' of Jesus and His plan for the transformation of society. Readers will be provoked, as the author desires, 'not to fury but to thought'.

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The book is divided into three parts, and in the first of these the political, economic and religious background of the world into which Jesus was born, is surveyed in close detail. We are convinced by a clever portrayal of the Roman scene. 'Little wonder that the Roman workers felt they were nearing the end of an age and longed for some life beyond the grave where their wrongs might be righted.'

But the pagan religions had no suggestion of a day when God would vindicate Himself, and re-shape the crooked world. The wealthy Jews had forsaken their traditional faith and accepted an imperialist world, as comfortable and, indeed, well-suited to their financial enterprises.

To such a world Jesus came, and His message is applied more particularly, to such conditions. Father Conrad Noel cannot tolerate any form even of benevolent tyranny. Imperialism is, in his opinion,

directly antagonistic to the purposes of God. 'In the Irish rebellion of 1916 and in the Spanish resistance to armed rebellion there may be seen the action and the presence of Jesus Christ.'

In this mood, the author proceeds to a careful analysis of the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven as it is unfolded in the Old Testament.

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The second part of the book is concerned with this examination. The conception of the Kingdom is traced from its apparent beginning in the promise of God to Abraham, to its expression in the later prophets. Moses is described as a rebel and his revolutionary economics are considered in detail. A vision of the Kingdom came with its peculiar significance to the Old Testament writers, to the Apocalypticists, to John the Baptist and to the crowds who listened to Jesus. 'What were they expecting? How far did Jesus meet and how far did He correct that expectancy?'

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The third section of this remarkable book is entitled the Advent of the Messiah. It is not until we reach page 244 that we begin to read of the life of Jesus, so anxious is the author to furnish us with the necessary material on which to make our estimate.

The most important element in the early environment of Jesus was a little company of people—Redemptionists—who 'waited for the redemption of Israel'. As far as the nation as a whole was concerned there was one urgent necessity—that they should be converted 'from the rigorous to the realist conception of the Commonwealth'. The need for a national repentance was, for years, a burning conviction in the mind of Jesus.

The great crisis came, for Him, in the Temptation. How might He most completely effect the redemption of the people? Should He solve the food problem and by relieving the physical hunger of men, establish Himself in their minds as leader? Should He assume the leadership of that minority party amongst the Pharisees which was fiercely patriotic, anti-Roman, and became known, later, as the Zealots? There we are told, lay the second temptation. It was the dream of climbing to the summit of this Temple party and so reaching 'the pinnacle of nationalist fame'. But would the defeat of Rome be a blessing? After all the majority of the revolutionists were Jewish Imperialists, and even a benevolent imperialism would bring with it nothing but a curse. The third temptation came, Father Noel suggests, as Jesus shook off the thought of allying Himself with the nationalist movement, and considered the possibility of assuming the lordship of all the existing kingdoms of the world to weld them into unity and to direct them towards their ultimate well-being. For a moment it seemed as though this dream would conquer, and that He would set out on this quest for an absolute supremacy which would end all prejudices and abolish all frontiers. In that hour of crisis He saw that such a policy would misrepresent God. 'To rule mankind as benevolent tyrant was now clearly seen by our Lord to be a rejection

of the will of God who does not impose His sway upon unwilling peoples or force them into submission for their good.' So the Son of God put away the three dreams and turned to become the commander of the people 'through having learned to be their minister'.

Neither economic reform, social revolution nor benevolent imperialism could bring in the Kingdom. The transformation must begin within the human heart. Such a revolution would re-mould the world, for it would be the consequence of a love which would be diffused through humanity as a whole, creating, inevitably, a new social order.

No one who has followed the distinguished career of the Vicar of Thaxted would expect him to write timidly. He realizes the implications of his thesis, and finds justification in the attitude of Jesus. Referring to the Porean ministry and the coming of the Kingdom, he says: 'But here Christ is spreading the language of catastrophe rather than of gradualism.' He is not prepared to believe that 'the Kingdom is a slow and gentle influence in the heart, and that its coming will not harm a fly'.

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It is a distinctive interpretation of the life and purpose of Jesus. The profounder spiritual experiences are not dealt with in any detail, and the story of Passion Week and the supreme crisis is told all too briefly. In spite of this the book is full of suggestion and challenge. There are many picturesque and vigorous sentences, and some interesting definitions and epigrams, generally written unconventionally but with a vigorous phrasing which arrests attention: 'The whole of the gospel teaching could be read out slowly in a few hours, and would occupy only a few columns of a modern newspaper.' 'The miracle is a thing to arouse astonishment and stupefaction; the sign, as used in the Gospels, is an act *significant* of the life and fruitfulness of the new world.' In the account of the coming of Nicodemus, and his doubt as to a man's being born again, the author paraphrases the reply, —'Jesus answers: Unless a man can shake himself free of the old conventions, the dusty traditions of the universities, second-rate contemporary thought; unless he can be born of the running waters and the untrammelled breezes, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God.' However incomplete such paraphrasing may seem, it is fresh and vigorous, provoking us to thought. Similarly the passage in Mark viii. 34, is rendered, 'he who marches with me marches with the hangman's noose round his neck'. We are grateful for the phrase introducing the incident on the way to Emmaus—'meanwhile the joyous drama had been moving fast'.

Whilst it is true that Father Conrad Noel's treatment of his subject misses many things, it is equally true that it shows us things we have missed.

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Here and there in this vigorous study there are criticisms of current misinterpretation. In answer to Mr. Bertrand Russell's contention that Christ was neither the best nor wisest of men and his assertion

that Jesus called the 'people who did not like His preaching' serpents and vipers, Father Noel rightly says, 'It was not petulance but pity that dragged that denunciation from Christ'.

He replies to J. M. Robertson's theory that Jesus was but a lay figure without definite human personality by pointing out the originality which has 'the power of distilling a food from a poison', and of giving to the world 'what has been made in one's inner self a fulgent conviction'.

No one can doubt the passionate sincerity of this book and few will question its usefulness. Whilst it will not stand as a complete and satisfying Life of Jesus, it will surely become a necessary volume on that shelf which is reserved for this subject in every serious student's library. It registers an emphasis which has been missing from many people's apprehension of the message and meaning of the Gospels.

The Life of Jesus—Conrad Noel.—(J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 12s. 6d.)

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THE HYMN SOCIETY.

In this age which is, perhaps, too problem-conscious, Christians are faced by one outstanding challenge. The possibility of re-union recurs persistently and claims consideration with commanding urgency. It is not true to say that we have tried and failed so many times that it is obvious there is not sufficient common ground on which to build. Within the accepted forms of worship in the various Christian churches are elements which encourage further exploration. Amongst these is the existence of a number of hymns which are sung joyously by Christians everywhere. As long ago as 1862 Lord Selborne said, 'Hymnody bears witness to the force of a central attraction more powerful than all causes of difference, which binds together times ancient and modern, nations of various race and language, churchmen and nonconformists, churches reformed and unreformed; to a true fundamental unity among good Christians'.

The various hymn-books in current use are worth careful consideration by those who have the cause of re-union at heart. Even a casual examination of the hymns that are common to Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist and Methodist books, gives one a basis for reflection. Within this group of hymns is a definite statement of great essential doctrines which are apparently accepted by each separate communion in its public worship.

Attempts have been made to produce a hymn-book which would be used by all English-speaking Christians. None of these efforts have been entirely successful. It may be that a short collection of hymns could be arranged as a Common Book of Praise to which might be added, as A. S. Gregory suggests, the particular literature of each constituent community 'as a supplement to the common hymnal'. The more closely those responsible for the production of new denominational hymn-books can co-operate, the more surely the Churches as a whole will realize their common source and heritage.

The Hymn Society (of Great Britain and Ireland) is a recently-established movement of considerable significance. It has as its

President the Archbishop of York supported by many distinguished Vice-Presidents drawn from the Established Church and the Free Churches. Its Treasurer is Mr. E. S. Lamplough, whilst its objects include detailed research and the encouragement of hymn-writing expressive of present religious experience. It will, we feel confident, make a definite contribution to the cause of re-union.

By the courtesy of Dr. J. R. Fleming, who shares with Canon Briggs the chairmanship of the Executive Committee, we reproduce the official statement of the aims and methods of the Society as adopted in December, 1936.

1. To bring together for co-operative study, research, and fellowship, those who are or have been concerned in the preparation and revision of Hymnals, with all others who are interested in the subject.
2. To continue as far as possible (though not on the same colossal scale), the work begun by Dr. Julian in his great *Dictionary of Hymnology* (1892—last edition, 1907), and carried on by his many collaborators, most of whom are now dead.
3. To utilize the valuable collections in various libraries, tabulating results up to date.
4. To foster a spirit of catholic unity among all Christian communions in this important sphere, and to make international contacts with fellow workers in other countries.
5. To raise the standard of hymns (both words and music) for Churches, Colleges and Schools, to promote their more reverent use in Worship, and to encourage the study of Hymnology in Theological Colleges and elsewhere.
6. To publish from time to time information that may be helpful to members.
7. By a minimum subscription of 2s. 6d. for the first year, to secure from the beginning a large constituency of sympathizers. Larger donations are earnestly requested to defray the expense of publication and propaganda work.

Those who desire to join the Hymn Society should send their requests to E. S. Lamplough, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, Lloyds' Building, London, E.C.3.

To those interested in hymnology in general, and particularly to those who are anxious to further the movement towards Christian re-union by the development of the common elements in public worship, we commend this Society. A careful study of that brilliant book by A. S. Gregory, *Praise with Understanding*, and the discerning estimate of Charles Wesley's work by Dr. Wiseman, would convince the reader of the value of this movement to the perplexed but sincere Christian of to-day.

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PASTORAL PSYCHO-THERAPY.

It is becoming increasingly obvious that the Christian ministry must have a more adequate understanding of psychological principles than has been available in the past. Whilst the medical profession is fully recognizing the value of psycho-therapeutics and providing facilities for its study by the general practitioner, the minister of religion has frequently been forced to acquire what knowledge he could, haphazard. As a natural consequence the self-taught religious psychologist has been discredited, and the problem which should have been brought to him, has been taken to the medical psychologist who had undergone a regular course of instruction.

This would not be so serious were it not true that there is an area

in which the religious psychologist is not only useful but essential. If the Christian minister is to be able to offer that close co-operation in the work of healing, which many of the medical profession would welcome, he must be willing to submit to a disciplined training which shall properly equip him. That is not to imply that he would become a substitute for the medical man, even in diagnosis, but rather that he should be a competent colleague who can bring, with confidence, spiritual resources to the task of healing. Only by conscientious, ordered study can he earn the right to be enthusiastic in such work. It is easy to be sincere, and yet to remain a quack, so long as opportunities for training are not available.

The Christian Churches are beginning to realize the necessity of making such a course available for Christian ministers and teachers, and especially for theological students.

The Guild of Pastoral Psycho-Therapy is a step in the right direction. Its objects are as follows:

1. To define, and at length to establish, standards of competence in knowledge of psychology and in the practice of psycho-therapy for those who are required by the necessities of their religious ministry to deal with personalities in distress or disorder of mind.
2. To secure the co-operation of the medical profession in defining and establishing these standards, so that they may form a basis of co-operation between priest or minister, and doctor, in dealing with spiritual and psychological disorders having physical symptoms or concomitants.
3. To provide, or to secure the provision of, suitable courses of training in psychology for those who desire to undertake this work as part of a religious ministry; and, through lectures, &c., to educate the public concerning the religious aspects of psychological discoveries.
4. To provide opportunities for the exchange of views among religious psychologists, and between the Church and the medical profession on matters of psychological interest to both.
5. To co-ordinate existing facilities so that ministers and doctors may be in a position to ensure adequate provision for the treatment of spiritual and nervous disorders brought to their notice and care, without reference to the financial status of those concerned.

No one can question the necessity of such an organization, and those who desire further information may obtain it from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. B. W. Fletcher, 29 Dorset Square, London, N.W.1.

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CANADA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The story of Egerton Ryerson, upon whom the destiny of Canada seemed at one time to depend, is not merely a religious and political record. It is a mirror of life as it was in Upper Canada a hundred years ago.

The unique collection of letters and manuscripts in the possession of Victoria University, Toronto, has been thoroughly and competently analysed by Professor C. B. Sissons who has recently published the first volume of a brilliant study of Ryerson's work.

Egerton Ryerson came of good stock. His father, an ex-officer in the Prince of Wales Regiment, arrived in Upper Canada after the American Revolution, and settled at Long Point. The family was not exposed to the extreme hardships of pioneer life, though each member learned to do his share of farm work. When a minister visited

the settlement to baptize the children, they answered his kindly inquiry: 'Thank you, sir, we find ourselves every year a little better off, and the country is improving. If we only had a church and a clergyman we should have but little to complain of.' At the beginning of the nineteenth century Baptist and Methodist ministers had come and the Methodist circuit-riders began regular work in the Long Point Circuit in 1802. In spite of privation, limited salaries 'paid in home-made cloth and produce', they worked hard and 'suited their hearers'. As a contemporary letter says, 'their sermons and prayers were very loud, forcible and energetic . . . and they encouraged an open demonstration of feeling amongst their hearers'.

In 1815, at the age of twelve, young Egerton experienced a very real conversion, but remained on the farm till he was eighteen. He joined the Methodists, in spite of his father's opposition, and became usher at the district grammar school for the next two years. After another year on the farm—his father having relented—he began to study law. At the age of twenty-two he became an itinerant Methodist preacher, taking the place of his elder brother whose health had failed.

The Niagara Circuit to which he was appointed was wide but he travelled over it and preached twenty-nine times every week. Losing his horse, he sought it for two days, and at the end of the second day records in his diary, 'Thank God she is found'.

From such an early apprenticeship came the man who subsequently edited the most powerful newspaper in Upper Canada, became the first principal of Victoria College and founded the educational system of Ontario.

His early ministerial life and his development of the qualities of leadership are described with a wealth of detail reproduced in personal, contemporary correspondence. We see him at the Indian mission station at Credit River, building a combined school and chapel. 'With the head of a barrel for a desk, he took down such subscriptions in cash or land as in their poverty the Indians could offer.' When the chapel was complete he assisted the Indians in their own building operations where his brother found him 'about half a mile from the village stripped to the shirt and pantaloons, cleaning land with between twelve and twenty of the little Indian boys, who were all engaged in chopping and picking up the brush'. This was part of his theory of education, with its constant expression-work.

The two great interests of his life were the establishment of civil and religious liberty in Upper Canada and the founding of a system of education, from primary school to university on the broad basis of a common Christian faith. This first volume of Professor Sissons is devoted to the detailed account of the struggle for liberty. There are many passages in the documents cited which suggest the bitterness with which the long campaign was fought. The attitude of the Ryerson brothers, three of whom were Methodist preachers, is carefully traced. The union of the Canadian and British Conferences in 1833 and the events which led to its dissolution in 1840 are described with much original documentary evidence. For the first time it is possible for the

ordinary reader to realize the importance of the work done by Egerton Ryerson and the Methodists in shaping the life of Upper Canada. Through the difficult years of the rebellion, and the troubled history of the Reform party, we see this man indomitable, conscientious, decisive in speech and action.

Beyond this political arena, and outside its clash of temperament and the bitterness of religious prejudice, we see what is perhaps, more valuable, the ordinary people revealed in correspondence, homely, well-meaning, perplexed but often trusting pathetically to the leadership of this man.

The impression made on Anson Green, for example, by the Rev. George Marsden, the representative from the Wesleyan Conference, was as follows: 'As Mr. Marsden got out of the carriage at the church door, he amused the youngsters greatly by his antique dress: he wore a round-breasted coat, short breeches, and black silk stockings, with silver knee and shoe buckles. He is rather under-size, venerable in appearance, plain, but evangelical in preaching and deeply pious. He is an ex-President of the British Conference; and having come down to us from Wesley, his experience must be great. I have quite fallen in love with this holy, apostolic man. He will do us good. He is more like Solon than Demosthenes; like Lord Chesterfield than Sir Isaac Newton; but he is more like Mr. Case than either.'

When the Rev. William Smith wrote in 1829 to William Ryerson of York (now Toronto) he added a postscript to his letter: 'P.S. Address to William Smith, Methodist Preacher, for there is a miserable fellow here by the same name who sometimes takes my letters from the office.' As Professor Sissons suggests, we may conclude that the postal service was not at this time entirely private.

It is not, of course, our purpose to discuss the book in detail but rather to announce to our readers in Great Britain and overseas the fact that the result of long and careful research is now at their disposal. We congratulate Professor Sissons on the completion of the first volume of what is an important addition not only to Methodist history, but to the history of the Canadian people.

(It will be interesting to English readers to notice that the portrait on the jacket of this book is by William Gush, a distinguished English artist whose painting of the Rev. John Mason is now in the Board Room of the Methodist Book Room, City Road, London. Presumably the artist spent the year 1836 in Canada.)

Egerton Ryerson: His Life and Letters, Vol. I.—C. B. Sissons.—(Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. £1 1s. 0d.)

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FAITH AND ORDER.

The Report of the Second World Conference on Faith and Order has only reached us as we go to press. It will be reviewed in our next issue.

LESLIE F. CHURCH.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND COMPARATIVE RELIGION

The Riddle of the World. By D. S. Cairns, D.D. (S.C.M. Press. 8s. 6d.)

Dr. D. S. Cairns has once again put us into his debt by writing this book. There is probably none to whom the reading would be superfluous, and there must be very many, especially those a little overawed by the prestige of modern scepticism, to whom the book will be a reassuring influence. It will help to prevent a closing round the soul of the icy prison walls of denial and leave room in the world of thought for those hunted things, liberty and responsibility. Even if it has been said before, it is worth while to listen to Dr. Cairns' protest that science is not the only pathway to reality; that it has come to think, not of cast-iron laws of cause and effect, but of statistical laws of probability; that it is just as open to the charge of 'wishful thinking' as religion and that it does not destroy the moral and aesthetic values by attempting to reduce them to racial expediencies of survival value. It is no detraction to the book's value to say that it produces a little of the effect of a too tidy room. Everything seems too exactly in its place. Has any one ever had a meal or held a party or loved or suffered here? So at the end of his criticisms we have the feeling that every opposing view has come too inevitably to its cue. Every conflicting theory is too neatly disposed of. If we do not say so aloud, there stirs in the mind a wonder whether doubt is so tidy as all this, and whether Humanism is so content to be put in its place. Certainly, as Dr. Cairns affirms, religion as it existed in the life of St. Paul does not look like dope, and great believers in Providence have been the last to behave with fatalistic inactivity. There does abide the haunting problem of evil, heightened, rather than lessened, when Humanism uses it as a reason to dismiss God. But the revolt of the modern mind against revelation is perhaps too unreasonable a thing itself to be disposed of by reasoning. Nevertheless, to come from the conflicting and uncertain currents of thought active in the modern mind, to so well argued and balanced reasoning is like passing from the nursery, where tired children have scattered playthings, into a room that holds the rest and order impressed upon it by a graceful personality. After all that rather ragged and imperfectly thought-out thing which is faith for most of us can soon impart its own disorder, and Dr. Cairns gives faith a fair field. The chapter on 'The Substance of the Faith' contains the harvest of many years' reading by a mind as acute as Dr. Cairns' spirit is reverent. What is the Riddle? 'It arises from the fact that man knows himself to be a higher being than any thing or any number or organization of things in Nature, and yet comes out of, is entangled in, dominated

by, and eventually destroyed by Nature.' What is the solution? 'That God, in whom sovereignty and supreme wisdom and goodness and beauty unite, is through Nature creating a kingdom of free human spirits in His own image and likeness for everlasting communion with Himself.' And in Christ the believer finds himself in a transformed cosmos which gives the soul a new environment. For it is the fundamental Christian faith 'that in Jesus Christ, in some absolutely unique fashion, we have the new initiative of God opening for mankind a new possibility of communion with Himself'. There is something of wistfulness in Dr. Cairns' sense of the impressive urgency of to-day's need which turns him at the end to the ever active Holy Spirit working mightily in the lives of men. 'Never did the world more need the promise of the Spirit than it does to-day,' by whom 'we have light enough to be sure that a very great Wisdom and Power and Love is over all things.'

PERCY J. BOYLING.

The Forgiveness of Sins. By E. Basil Redlich, B.D. (T. & T. Clark. 10s. 6d.)

The author describes this book as an 'essay' on one of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer—'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us'. He deals with the subject as it occurs in the Old Testament, the inter-Testamental Jewish books, the New Testament, and in later Church teaching, particularly in the period that ended with the Council of Nicaea. There is a Foreword by the Archbishop of York. In it Dr. Temple says, 'I do not accept all [Canon Redlich's] interpretations of Scripture, and some of my disagreements concern important points. Also, near the end, I am left wondering whether he is as antagonistic to Pelagianism as I should personally wish a theologian to be. But his main contention, which colours most of his other contributions, seems to me profoundly true, vitally important, and almost universally neglected'. It is a reviewer's duty to read a book for himself, even in face of so weighty a pronouncement, but after reading it, one's thoughts turn again to the Archbishop's words. Something may be said under the three items in the quotation just given, but they will be taken in a different order. The chief purpose of the book is to make it clear that repentance alone is not a sufficient condition of the forgiveness of sins, but that what Canon Redlich calls 'forgivingness' is also needed. No doubt it is possible to define repentance so as to include 'forgivingness', but this is only a verbal point. One would say, again, that repentance, faith, and forgivingness are, or at least may be, concomitant, and it appears sometimes as if Canon Redlich would not agree here. But he abundantly makes out his 'main contention', and in so doing makes a real contribution both to theological thinking and to practical religion. Nor is he wrong in maintaining that both forgiveness and forgivingness fill a far larger part in the teaching of Jesus than is commonly supposed. His collection of the relevant passages from the Gospels more than demonstrates this. He is right, again, in holding that the Old Testament gives an incomplete account

both of repentance and forgiveness, and that it has little to say of forgivingness. He is right, too, in his exposition of the shortcomings and errors of the doctrine of penitence in the Early and Medieval Church. From one or two passing references it seems as if he thinks that forgivingness is altogether absent in religions other than Christianity. This is too sweeping a statement, as a fairly well-known story of Vishnu, for instance, would show. But he is altogether right in the claim that forgivingness is an integral part of Christian teaching and that it has almost always been too little regarded. Nor is the error merely academic. For instance, as he says, a chief need in the world to-day is that nations should forgive each other. The book is a timely exposition of a great truth. When one comes, however, to 'interpretations of Scripture' there are rather a large number of points where one may disagree. Indeed, under the Old Testament Canon Redlich seems sometimes to come near making mistakes in facts. There is only room for two or three illustrations. Speaking of the Cry of Dereliction our author says, 'The cry was not what [Jesus] believed. It was what He disbelieved'. Again, we are told that "mortal" and "venial" and "unconscious" [sins] were not differentiated in our Lord's teaching'. What then of Luke xii. 47 f? Again, Canon Redlich distinguishes nine methods of obtaining forgiveness in the teaching of the non-Canonical Jewish books, and adds that of these five—fasting, almsgiving, mediatorship, death and wisdom—were new. But fasting has an illustration in the story of David and Bathsheba, and mediatorship (as our author elsewhere notes) in the story of Moses' intercession for Israel, while the two passages quoted under 'death' and 'wisdom' seem to mean, the one that it is foolish to put off repentance to the hour of death, and the other that 'wisdom' saves men from sinning (not from their sins). Or again, it is stated that in pre-Prophetic Israel, 'all images of [Jehovah] were not forbidden, but only "graven" images, or images for the construction of which the use of a tool was necessary'. Can any image be made without a tool? There are different opinions about the use of images in Israel, but surely this opinion cannot be right. I have chosen examples where disagreement can be briefly stated. Others, which are more important, would require too long an elucidation. 'Pelagianism' is not mentioned in the book, but it is easy to see what the Archbishop means. When a writer undertakes, as Canon Redlich does, to deal with 'sins' and not with 'sin', he runs the risk of ignoring the second. He may seem to imply that Pelagius was right in denying that there is anything sinful in human nature *per se*, and in claiming that a man can escape sin by his own effort. Canon Redlich certainly does not hold the last tenet, and I doubt whether he accepts the first, yet the subject of 'sins' is so closely related to that of 'sin' that one wonders whether he ought not to have included a chapter that deals with that relation. He does say uncompromisingly that forgivingness in the sinner must precede forgiveness on the part of God. Yet surely with many a man forgivingness is impossible except by the grace of God in Christ. If our Lord's teaching, especially in the Sermon on the Mount, be taken

apart from His Death and Resurrection and the gift of the Holy Spirit, one can only say, 'Ideal but impossible!' This is so, too, with the petition of the Lord's Prayer that is the text of this book. Canon Redlich has a chapter on the Atonement, but he doesn't make it clear that it is through faith in the Christ who died for us that a man may become forgiving. Again, a Methodist reader might find his references to the effects of Baptism unfamiliar. His meaning would have been clearer if he had shown that in the Early Church Baptism was usually of adults and that the mere rite without the experience that accompanied it would have been reckoned unavailing. None the less, while many things in this book raise questionings, it does recall our attention very effectively to a neglected truth.

C. RYDER SMITH.

The Gnosis or Ancient Wisdom in the Christian Scriptures.
By William Kingsland. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
10s. 6d.)

The late William Kingsland recognized that 'Christianity makes an appeal to a certain class of minds', but he wrote this book for those who like himself 'have found themselves out of touch with Christianity in any of its current doctrinal or sacerdotal forms, but who have some more or less clear apprehension that . . . in the Christian Scriptures themselves there lies a deep and spiritual truth, a real Gnosis (Gr. knowledge) of Man's origin, nature and destiny, which has simply been materialized by the Church in the traditional interpretation of those Scriptures based upon their literal acceptation'. In this book he has sought to shew what is the 'vital essence' of the Christian Scriptures, which, as he claims, was 'known and taught by Sages and Initiates ages before the Initiate Jesus, or Jehoshua, came on the scene, and endeavoured to present the old Wisdom Teachings in a form appropriate to his time and hearers'. For the *esoteric* interpretation of the Gospels, according to this author, 'we need not trouble ourselves in any way with the historical difficulties which are now so much in evidence. By the *esoteric* interpretation I here mean the interpretation in terms of that Gnosis which I am now endeavouring to show belongs to a deeply rooted ancient tradition of Divine Instructors of the human race. That Jesus, or Jehoshua, was one of those Divine Instructor-Initiates or Avatars we may very well believe, for we find in his Sayings the same teachings as those of Krishna, Buddha and other Instructors of the historical period'. In other words, the Gnosis which Mr. Kingsland found in the Scriptures is a form of Hinduism. Christianity, however, did not begin in abstract ideas, but in certain events in history. If Mr. Kingsland had grasped the significance of that he would not have written this book. Those who enjoy the nebulous mysticism of theosophy will find here that which they already believe, attractively set out; those who attach importance to the principles of historical criticism will quickly discern that they have nothing in common with the author,

and will smile incredulously at the publisher's statement that 'Mr. Kingsland's book is a valuable summary of the work done on Christian origins during the last fifty years'.

F.B.C.

The Mystery of God. By Wilhem Stählin. Translated by R. Birch Hoyle. (S. C. M. Press. 7s. 6d.)

This book was published for the World Conference on Faith and Order and was referred to more than once in its full sessions. In setting forth the Gospel as both 'mystery' and 'good news', hidden and yet revealed, its value as a theological eirenicon is considerable as pointing to varied emphases in different Churches and providing at the same time much ground for their unification. But even apart from considerations relating to Faith and Order as generally understood, this book utters a most needful summons to all Churches to re-examine the fundamentals of their common Faith, and, in particular, the meaning of the Incarnation for corporate and individual Christian life. The presence of Christ in His very human Church on earth, symbolized in a measure by the Lutheran doctrine of *con-substantiation*, is the supreme mystery of the living God 'in, with, and under' the earthly reality. 'The mystery of wickedness becomes unmasked and is done with: the mystery of Christ is unveiled and will be completed.' This Divine mystery of Christ is the basis of the Divine mystery of the Church, the living mystery of the Word both personally offered in Christ and orally spoken, and the mystery of the Sacraments, through which 'the Holy Ghost's gifts of grace are not only promised but really guaranteed and given' to the believer. This is the mystery of Christ imparting Himself through the dispensing of His Church, the mystery being 'the Church's principal source of life in general' and giving 'to all her life its value and its meaning'. Therefore individual believers possess the mystery of the life of God, the power of the resurrection of Christ. They possess it on account of the grace they receive through the Sacraments as well as through the preaching of the Word and of justification by faith, though Professor Stählin seems to feel that the emphasis on sanctification of life has in time past been left by Lutheranism too much 'to Pietism and the "sects".' The universal priesthood of all believers is declared to be 'not the religious independence of the individual, but the priestly responsibility which believers bear to and for one another'. As to the ministerial office specifically, Luther tried to derive it from the priesthood of all believers, but he increasingly realized that the ministerial office could not be the outcome of the spiritual authority of all Church members generally: it had to have a distinctive authority of its own, an authority from God, otherwise no real authority would have been left. 'The spiritual office to which the stewardship of the mystery is entrusted must receive its warrant and authority from the continuity of the whole Church, from the apostolic mission of the Church of Jesus Christ.' Apostolic Succession, in the usual sense, may depend on 'ever questionable historical information'; yet a Church of God must derive its

office from 'the Divine founding' within 'the history of the Church as a whole', it must be a 'stewardess of the mystery of God', otherwise its ministers (as history has shown) may be loyal and efficient administrators but without 'the authority of the spiritual office'. A Church which 'wants to be everything possible' instead of a stewardess of the mystery, which 'ceases to understand the Divine mystery as the basis of its life and as the inner standard of all its activity', will decline inevitably. If Protestant church buildings, as Professor Stählin observes, present the visitor with a feeling of lifelessness while Catholic churches are felt to be places of prayer, the reason is given that in the latter 'the mystery of priestly intercession is more firmly kept'. The pith of the brief 'Conclusion' is that 'when there is a mystery of God, which means that God has become flesh and has offered Himself as a sacrifice for the world's salvation, and when the Church is the place where this mystery is testified as present reality and experienced as present reality, then the existence of this Church is the most important, most comforting and most obligatory thing that there can be in this world'. In such ways, in our opinion, this book gives a much needed warning to Protestant Churches to which the word 'mystery' has become suspect because of certain Roman associations. But there is a 'mystery of God' in an evangelical sense to which Protestantism (and dare we say English Nonconformity?) must give earnest heed—a mystery of the Church, its ministry, its preaching, its Sacraments, and all its activities—if it is to function still more preciously as part of the Body of Christ on earth. For the Church is *His* Body, its ministry *His* ministry, its Sacraments *His* Sacraments, all its life *His* life; and we are grateful to the author for calling us back to these truths at a time when we sorely need to remember them.

H. WATKIN-JONES.

The Validity of Religious Experience. By Albert C. Knudson, Ph.D., D.D. (New York. Abingdon Press. 2 dollars.)

Dr. Knudson, who is the Dean of Boston University School of Theology and a writer of reputation on the other side of the Atlantic, has afforded in these Fondren Lectures an important contribution to a matter of vital religious interest. In a fair and not unsympathetic criticism he rejects the view of the subject which has been expounded by the present writer, and as the difference of opinion touches the essential position adopted in this book, it will serve to explain how the Dean looks at things. He insists that 'experience is to some degree conscious or it is not experience'. Hence he denies my right to speak of inborn or unconscious experience. This seems to be a matter of the connotation of the term experience. The fashion set by Freud of using the term unconscious to denote both certain mental activities and also certain aspects of the mind's structure regarded as a system, has been responsible for some confusion. But it is no longer possible to deny that there is an unconscious system whether

it be called experience or not. Again, Dean Knudson thinks that James and I argue pragmatically that religious experience is true because it 'works'. That is nowhere my contention. I point out the pragmatic significance of religion as a reason why religious experience cannot be ignored in any philosophy that hopes to deal with experience as a whole. But the validity of religious experience is like that of moral experience, and is not constituted by its usefulness but by its own nature. In this respect I agree with Dean Knudson. But I do not adopt his words. To say that the validity of religious experience is found in 'the native religious endowment of the human spirit', 'structural in the human mind', that it is one of the 'fundamental interests of the human spirit' seems to me to be little more than the old claim that a religious faculty or instinct guaranteed itself in man's experience. What Dean Knudson certainly shows is that religious experience has empirical validity. But this does not mean necessarily philosophical validity. It is not disputed by any critic who counts that religion is a characteristically human attitude, but that has no special bearing upon the rationality of any particular religious beliefs. That is why I find it hard to follow the author when he says that the religious nature of man justifies 'not only the general truths of religion but also the special truths of the Christian faith'. Would he similarly allow a Muslim to claim that it justifies the truth concerning the uncreated and eternal nature of the Quran? Could a Romanist appeal to that 'religious nature' to justify the dogma of Immaculate Conception? One presumes that they could not. Yet it seems arbitrary to claim to select which of the special truths of Christianity can be guaranteed by man's religious nature. The fact that this review has been chiefly concerned with points on which questions have been raised must not obscure the fact that this is a suggestive and valuable book. One is often more helped by a book that provokes a critical reaction than by one which simply asserts what one accepts. This book has been no exception to that. Moreover, the common ground shared by author and reviewer is not only of more importance but also of much more extent than that upon which they differ. Dean Knudson has written an able and penetrating study and laid a foundation upon which others will build.

E. S. WATERHOUSE.

The Wisdom of God. By the Very Rev. Sergius Bulgakov.
(Williams & Norgate. 6s.)

In this volume the erudite author epitomizes his teaching on Sophiology. The writer is the Dean of the Russian Theological Institute, Paris, and he took some part at the Edinburgh Conference on Faith and Order. Naturally one would expect to find the position of the Orthodox Greek Church at the background of this admirable discussion. Professor Bulgakov, however, at times cuts the organism in parts not always at the joints. I am not sure that he is always fair to the Western Church both in its Catholic and Protestant forms

in what he has to say about the Logos. It is quite true that generally in the Western Church the Wisdom of God is equated with the Logos, but surely it is nowhere assumed that there is something in the nature of the Logos which is not also in the nature of the Father and the Spirit? At the same time one agrees that Sophiology is not a doctrine which has received the emphasis in the Western Church which it has in the eastern Orthodox Church. The author contends that Wisdom is the nature of the whole Godhead. Father, Son and Spirit share in this nature. On this basis he develops the doctrine of the Holy Trinity which suggests in places Sabellianism although the author would deny any such charge. But he has not made clear how the One Eternal Wisdom becomes revealed in three Persons, nor is it very obvious what he means by Person in this context. The concept, however, of Person, in any case, as applied to the Trinity does not mean Tritheism, but sociality in the Eternal Godhead is the basis of the perfect harmonious fellowship, and that sociality is the expression of Wisdom. But this uncreated wisdom is the metaphysical ground of the created wisdom in Nature and in man. Man is theandric. He is not far removed from God. In fact we do not conceive of the Incarnation as effecting the conjunction of antagonistic principles. God did not join together in the 'hypostatic union' two things which were opposites and entirely different, namely, God and man, but rather brought together the nearest approximations in One Person, namely, the nature of God and the nature of man. The image of God in man, as Bulgakov says, cannot be completely destroyed by sin. This is an important point to bear in mind when many theologians are finding a way between Schleiermacher's immanence and subjectivism and Barth's transcendental emphasis and his pessimistic view of human nature. The author of the volume is not carried away by 'points of view' but has a definite 'point of view' around which his doctrines of God, man and Incarnation are carefully built. The discussion on the doctrine of Creation is specially useful. Creativity is an eternal quality of the Godhead. The true conception of Creation does not begin with time and the world, but is operative in the Divine Essence Itself. So also redemption and the Church. They are eternal realities; the Church was never created but always exists. The whole volume is full of suggestion. Sometimes the agreements are too short to be convincing, but the author is to be congratulated upon a volume which is refreshingly lucid and at the same time profound and rich in thought. The chapter on the Holy Spirit has deeply impressed us, but the reviewer did not feel quite at home in the section on the Veneration of our Lady, though the sanity and sweetness of the chapter would not repel the most Puritan among us. We shall anticipate the contemplated larger volume of the author on the subject of Sophiology. Those interested in the problem of the Reunion of Christendom will find much help here for a sympathetic understanding of the Orthodox Greek Church on its theological side which is, of course, a prior condition of such reunion.

ERNEST G. BRAHAM.

The Spirit of Methodism. By Henry Bett, M.A., Litt.D.
Fernley-Hartley Lecture 1937. (Epworth Press. 6s.)

This year's Fernley-Hartley lecture is a timely book on a great theme. Dr. Bett, in choice style, has written on the Spirit of Methodism rather than its history and the spirit is even greater than the records. This is a book which meets the exacting need of the student and claims the interest and attention of the average reader. It repays a second reading with special attention to the footnotes. The opening chapter is a careful survey of the religious experience of John Wesley in which the influences of his early life are related to the 'heartwarming' of 1738. Historically Methodism is the third great religious movement in English History, and like the Renaissance and the Reformation profoundly influenced every sphere of the nation's life. The force of Wesley's faith owed something to other religious movements like those of Pietism and Moravianism. The relations of Wesley to the Anglican Church are faithfully recorded. In the course of a chapter on this subject the origin of the Covenant Service, the Watch-night and the Lovefeast are discussed. Dr. Bett proceeds to outline the religious, theological, literary and social contributions which Methodism has made to the world. Each of these are amazing in their extent. The book concludes with an estimate of the future of Methodism. We realize there are fallacies besetting organic reunion but we must emphasize the necessity of spiritual unity. A Methodism true to itself and certain of its message will realize the greatness of its mission. If we recognize and revive our distinctive features our place in the religious life of the world is assured. Failing that we shall fade into insignificance. This closing chapter needs to be pondered by us all and its challenges faced. In *format* as in content this book is worthy of Methodism at its best.

Plato's Conception of Philosophy. By H. Gauss. (Macmillan. 6s.)

The books which continue to pour forth on Plato confirm Professor Field's judgement—'No philosophic writer of past years has such permanent interest and value as Plato'. This latest volume is an introduction to Dr. Gauss's projected series of 'Studies on Plato and Platonism'. It is dedicated to Dr. Clement C. J. Webb and sponsored by Professor A. E. Taylor who writes a suggestive foreword. Dr. Gauss is a Swiss, at present employed as a lecturer in philosophy at the University of Basle. He writes in English and has been deeply influenced by the British Platonic tradition. Dr. Gauss informs us that he has made a change in his ecclesiastical allegiance from Continental Protestantism to Anglicanism. In his preface he pays a tribute of gratitude to Dr. Inge, Dr. Webb and Professor Taylor, 'to whom I owe probably more than I can express in words'. The book may be recommended not only to the philosophical student but to the general reader who is seeking a reliable guide to the thought of Plato.

In his attempt to define Plato's conception of philosophy, Dr. Gauss uses as a touchstone Windelband's classification of all the schools of philosophy into four types. 'Each of these types mainly flourished in a special period in the history of thought, to the general outlook of which it has given its corresponding intellectual expression.' (1) In the first period (Thales to Aristotle) philosophy sought to determine the nature of things (*Wissenschaft*). (2) In the period of the post-Aristotelians—Stoics, Epicureans, Sceptics and Eclectics—philosophy was eminently practical. It was indeed 'the art of life'. (3) In the Middle Ages, philosophy constituted herself the handmaid of the Church, defining and defending Christian dogma. (4) The modern period is dominated by the name of Kant. In this phase philosophy has been devoted to a critical examination of Reason itself—to an inquiry into the validity of the human mind as the instrument of moral and scientific discovery. The author concludes that Plato has affinities with these four types, while transcending them all.

1. Cicero could say that the 'natural philosophers' were nowhere more scoffed at than at the Academy. Yet Plato was keenly interested in natural phenomena. How can this apparent contradiction be resolved? Dr. Gauss makes the interesting point that the reason for the superiority of Plato's philosophy when compared with that of the Neo-Platonists was precisely that Plato took part in the scientific work of his time, whereas the Neo-Platonists afterwards did not. Nevertheless, Plato's intense imaginative and moral sense made it impossible for him to be merely a 'natural philosopher'. His criticism of the 'natural philosophers' was that in their endeavour to explain the world by visible and secondary causes they excluded from their mental horizon all the higher invisible spiritual forces. This failure to grasp the invisible resulted in the disparagement of 'soul' or personality, in an inadequate conception of 'conscience' and in the weakening of the spirit of worship and adoration. 'Natural philosophy' turned the world upside down, explained the higher by the lower, as if (in the words of Dean Inge) we were to know things by their 'roots' and not by their 'fruits'.

2. It is obvious, again, that Plato was no mere speculative theorist but had an intensely practical aim. The vital connexion between moral theory and practice is fundamental in Platonism. It is in the interplay of contemplation and action, of *θεωρία* and *πράξις*, that wisdom consists. Yet Platonism is too great to be enclosed within the philosophy of the *summum bonum*. The *good*, in Plato's conviction, remains transcendent, for ever beyond the reach of human aspiration. The 'good' was not to be identified with knowledge or pleasure or virtue. It was something higher than them all. In other words, morality pre-supposes, in its turn, religious faith.

3. If Plato had lived in the Middle Ages would he have been the great Christian thinker—the Angelical Doctor instead of Aquinas? It is certain that there are striking points of contact between Platonism and the teaching of the Schoolmen. 'The end of the *Laws*', writes

Professor Ernest Barker, 'is the beginning of the Middle Ages.' Professor Barker probably has in mind the fact that Plato's treatise ends by advocating a theocracy of a very advanced character. Dean Inge wrote: 'Nietzsche said that Plato was a Christian before Christ. It would be more true to say that he was a Hildebrandian before Hildebrand.' Moreover, the otherworldliness of the Medieval Church must have appealed to the man who could write: 'In contradistinction to this divine life from which all envy is banished, human affairs are hardly worth considering in earnest.' If we must be in earnest about them, it is only because 'a sad necessity constrains us'. And again, 'our whole life (in Philosophy) is nothing but an effort towards getting a view of the divine'. Hume was right when he said that the ancient Platonists were the most religious and devout of all the pagan philosophers. Nevertheless, once more, Dr. Gauss rejects the religious category as too narrow, adding, 'Plato's personal faith was pure and fervent enough; that it could not develop into a living and abiding religious institution was mainly due to the shortcomings of Greek religion as a whole'.

4. Are those right who make Plato in some sort a forerunner of Kant? Certainly Plato was interested in 'epistemology'. He did not fail to ask the fundamental questions—Is such a thing as metaphysics possible at all? Is the human mind a valid instrument of knowledge? Can Reality ever be known? The affinities between Kant and Plato are impressive. The German, no less than the Greek, affirms that we can get the small share of knowledge that is allotted to us as mortal beings only by clinging to a transcendent standard. He believed, like Plato, that our actual knowledge does not deal with ultimate reality but only with reality of a secondary or derivative character or with that which we call appearance. Further, if it is asked how man is able to conceive the world as an organism serving moral ends, and not as it might be, merely pandering to his subjective desires and wishes, Kant replies that this momentous change of outlook can only be brought about by a kind of 'spiritual regeneration'. Here, too, he is at one with Plato. The real difference between the two men is that Plato would have denied that philosophy can ever be reduced to epistemology, and that 'criticism' could ever have the final word. Plato gave due place to reasoning, but also 'to those other interests and powers in man that find their expression in the realm of morals, art and religion'. Dr. Gauss sums up—'Taken in general, Kant was never able to liberate himself entirely from his rationalistic bias'. 'Platonism is not to be regarded as an early herald of Kantianism. It seems to me that Platonism is something more comprehensive and apparently more critical than all modern epistemology taken together.'

Platonism, then, has certain things in common with all four philosophical schools, and yet it is an instance of none. To Plato, philosophy meant not merely a doctrine, still less a final metaphysical system. 'He did not believe in a *philosophia triumphans*, or a metaphysical oracle by which we get knowledge of things almost before

thinking about them, but only recognized *philosophia militans*, i.e. an active service under the banner of the idea of truth.' The right moral character of the philosopher matters most. Philosophy is not an academic luxury in which the rich and learned may indulge as an elegant pastime. The philosopher, in a word, is a man with a vocation. He is the enemy of ignorance both in the form of 'simple ignorance' or want of information, and 'double ignorance' or absence of knowledge coupled with the illusion of possessing it. This 'double ignorance' stands in the way of its own cure, and if unchecked is constantly aggravating itself. Such ignorance leads to the greatest of all evils, '*That every man by nature is and ought to be his own friend*'. In such a case, men prefer themselves to the truth, and continue to grind their own axes. Dr. Gauss quotes Professor Ritter, 'Plato saw in ignorance something like the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost'. But 'knowledge' to Plato was something more than the mere registration of facts. *Ἐπιστασθαι*, the word for 'to know' in his writings, means always some practical knowledge. Dr. Gauss suggests that it is akin to the French *savoir faire*. 'He never wanted to supply men only with "knowledge"—this may be said with him to be a by-product—but he always strove to make them truer and better, or rather, to help them in finding their own truer and better selves.' In this way 'knowledge' would be transmuted into wisdom. This inspiring book closes with a picture of the philosopher. Free from 'double ignorance', moved by a humble and courageous devotion to truth, purified by unremitting self-criticism and love of his fellow-man, avoiding the twin pitfalls of presumption and pessimism, he will perform for the human soul functions analogous to those of the physician and surgeon for the body. The philosopher is more than an intellectual gymnast; he is a dedicated spirit. Having seen such a man in Socrates, Plato took him for master and example.

F. BROMPTON HARVEY.

Personality in Philosophical Theology. By Ernest G. Braham, M.A., Ph.D. (Epworth Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Braham has written a notable book on a subject of the first importance for philosophical thinking. To trace a particular theme through the original works of the great philosophers from Plato to Kant is no mean task, and when that theme is the idea of the self it includes all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth. For, as Dr. Braham clearly indicates, the self or personality cannot be studied without reference to experience on the one hand and metaphysics on the other. With due regard to the difficulty of the subject, for exact thinking and intelligible writing, it must be said that Dr. Braham has achieved his purpose with conspicuous success. After an introduction which explains that the method adopted in this historical inquiry is not speculative but critical, and is to proceed by an examination of experience, scientific, philosophical and religious, as interpreted

by representative philosophers, from Descartes to Kant, Dr. Braham devotes the first part of his book to a survey of the various concepts of personality in pre-Cartesian philosophy. In this section the most important distinction drawn is that between Plato and Aristotle in their view of the body: Plato tended to regard the body as an encumbrance to the soul, while Aristotle adopted the more biological view of the correlation of body and soul as a going concern. This distinction marks the cleavage between two rival views right down the centuries. Plato, Augustine, the Gnostics, and Descartes, all regard the body as hampering the development of the soul; Aristotle, Aquinas, and the later biologists, regard the body as integral to personality and fundamental to soul-life and development. It is the latter view which commends itself to Dr. Braham, and this constitutes the second of his conclusions in Part VI of the book. First, he sees that all the thinkers reviewed have conceived of personality as participating in the ultimate reality of the universe; secondly, he concludes that the self consists of body-mind in constant unified relationship; thirdly, that the problem is entangled with dualism, which must be escaped if progress is to be made; and fourthly, that the idea of immortality is of the very essence of the subject. The ethical argument for immortality is well stated, and justice is done to Kant's sure footing upon the reality of the moral consciousness. Finally, a moral order demands a Moral Being, and it is wisely indicated that a theistic conclusion, whatever its difficulties, does not present so many or so serious problems as are presented by pantheistic monism. Dr. Braham's thesis would be strengthened by a consideration of Augustine's doctrine of grace in relation to his conception of personality, and by a fuller recognition of the contribution made by Leibniz to our understanding of the principle of individuality. There is more also to be said for Anselm's ontological argument than Dr. Braham allows. While he dismisses Kant's illustration (the hundred dollars in one's pocket) as irrelevant, he calls in Aristotle to demolish Anselm on the ground of our intellectual limitations. But the light that flashed upon Anselm as he stood in his choir stall was not a will o' the wisp, and his witness to that light was more than a piece of formal logic. The argument that the clear and distinct idea of perfection involves the existence of a Perfect Being is not so much an inference from certain premises as a statement of what is involved in the very nature of the act of thinking. The discipline of philosophical thinking, to which Dr. Braham has submitted himself, is fruitful for the scholar, for the Christian preacher, and for our friend the man in the street, because the relation of our great Christian doctrines to an intelligible view of the universe is one, at least, of the reasons for the hope that is in us. This book must find a place in the library of every student of philosophical theology. It is well produced, and is likely to become the standard work on the subject.

S. G. DIMOND.

The Philosophical Bases of Theism. By G. Dawes Hicks.
(Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

This volume contains Dr. Dawes Hicks's Gifford Lectures, delivered in 1931, 'revised and expanded'. Of the eight Lectures the last four are mainly occupied with a re-statement of the four familiar arguments for the existence of God—the cosmological, the teleological, the moral and the ontological. The first four Lectures are a kind of prolegomena. One deals with 'Religion and Philosophy', one with 'Man's Place in Nature', and two with 'Religious Experience'. It will be seen that most of the principal themes in current theistic discussion are dealt with. There is little need to say that they are dealt with competently. It will be noticed that the problems of ugliness, pain and evil are not included above. These are hardly more than incidentally mentioned, but Dr. Hicks might perhaps properly maintain that his purpose is exegetical rather than apologetic. The standpoint of the first chapter may be gathered from a quotation—'Though a religious mind may leave philosophy alone, the philosophic inquirer cannot leave religion alone'. In this chapter, too, it appears that Dr. Hicks relies chiefly on the appeal to reason, rather than on the appeal to the emotional or volitional side of human nature, but it is interesting to find him stating that if Aristotle had lived at a later time, he would probably have added 'religious experience' to his three-fold account of the nature of human knowledge. In the chapter on 'Man's Place in Nature', Dr. Hicks develops a cogent exposition and defence of a valid anthropomorphism. Here, and not here only, he calls in the poets to confound the Positivists and Humanists. In the two chapters on 'Religious Experience' our author seeks to show that, while the self-consciousness which, as distinct from mere consciousness, is distinctive of man, is the product of a long and complex process, yet it is none the less reliable in its sifted findings. Then he applies these two truths to its findings in the realm of religion. He will have nothing to do with the so-called 'mystical' claim that some men, at least, have an immediate knowledge of God, for he doesn't allow that the specific kind of knowledge that a self-conscious being has, is ever immediate. 'To live through a mental process and to know that we are living through it are two very different things.' Yet here Dr. Hicks adds that, while there can be no philosophy, either of religion or anything else, until we 'know that we are living through' our experiences, yet philosophy vindicates some of the convictions of the many who live by an 'unscientific trustfulness', and that among these there falls belief in God. We can 'know that we live through' a mental process without being philosophers. In his discussion of the cosmological, the teleological and the moral arguments Dr. Hicks seeks both to show the inadequacy of their old forms and to restate them in a satisfactory way. Under the first, for instance, he criticizes Martineau's exposition, yet he claims that 'Acknowledging, as we cannot help doing, the existence of the world of nature, we are logically driven to acknowledge that there is real existence beyond nature, unless,

indeed, we are prepared to rest in an ultimate inexplicability, and to relinquish the attempt to frame any intelligible conception of nature at all'. Under the teleological argument he insists, with Whitehead, that in the realm of what has usually been called 'inorganic nature' there is evidence of design, and that in that realm no argument can be valid which proceeds on the assumption that living organisms have an innate tendency to adapt themselves to environment. There is much else, of course, in the chapter, including the cautious hint that Origen (whom he does not name) may have been right when he contended, as against Tertullian, that while a man inherits his body from his parents, the coming into being of every individual soul requires an act of direct creation. Indeed, elsewhere too Dr. Hicks shows a respect for theologians that is uncommon with philosophers. When he reaches the moral argument, he bases his statement of it on the claim that the 'real' includes more than the 'existent'. He claims that such things as universals, numbers, truths or propositions, and aesthetic and moral values, may be called 'subsistent', and come within the realm of the 'real' even though they do not occur *simpliciter* within the category of time. In other words, 'the old Cartesian division of reality into mind and matter is far from being exhaustive'. The application of this to 'moral and aesthetic values' will be obvious. In the last chapter Dr. Hicks re-states the most difficult of all theistic arguments, the ontological. He sees that the old accounts of it will not 'hold water', but, unlike some modern writers, he does not abandon it. To use a simile that he doesn't use, he maintains, in effect, that if we believe in the reality of all the ripples we must needs believe in the reality of the sea. Here he acknowledges his debt to T. H. Green, and, at one point in the argument, breaks a lance with Professor A. E. Taylor. He knows, however, that there is danger lest his argument should lead to pantheism, and he guards against this by developing the thought that '*knowing* is not . . . timeless equally with the truth *known*'. Here he parts company with Green, who seems to him to miss this point. He is undoubtedly right in the claim that at present, among thinkers as distinct from 'men in the street', the real danger to theism comes, not from materialism, but from pantheism. It is, of course, difficult to summarize a book of this kind, and in the attempt to be concise one may easily cease to be lucid. Dr. Hicks himself, however, is lucid enough. For anyone who is 'on speaking terms' with philosophy, and who agrees (as surely many do) that reason (and not feeling or will) is primary in philosophy, this book will prove a very satisfactory account of the present state of the theistic position. In his Introduction Dr. Hicks says that in preparing these Lectures he has 'had specially in view the large number of persons who find themselves unable to accept the creeds of Christendom as they are familiarly presented, and who yet are persuaded that the spiritual life is a reality, and that they largely owe their sense of its reality to the teaching of Christ and the Christian Church'. Many others, too, who have little difficulty with the creeds, will heartily welcome this book.

C. RYDER SMITH.

The Philosophic Basis of Mysticism. By Dr. T. H. Hughes.
(T. & T. Clark. 12s. 6d.)

In recent years books on mysticism have been almost embarrassingly numerous. It is no easy matter, therefore, to write anything original on the subject. Dr. Hughes would not claim any particular originality either for his treatment or findings in this book. Nor, indeed, could any such claim be sustained. It can be said, however, that here the students of mysticism, and the mystical element in religion, will find a competent and balanced discussion of the many problems involved. Dr. Hughes has read widely and he quotes freely. To those coming freshly to the study of mysticism, the quotations of themselves have a value in directing to relevant literature, and first-hand reports of the mystical experience. To those with some knowledge of the field surveyed, many of the quotations may seem unnecessary. But if Dr. Hughes has erred in this, it is an error for which many will almost certainly be grateful. It has to be said at once that the treatment of the subject is probably as fair and as objective as we can well expect. Dr. Hughes does not disguise the fact that he is in fundamental agreement with at least the more considerable of the mystics. But this does not seduce him into an uncritical acceptance of all the claims they put forward. Nor does it involve him in any unfair handling of the hostile critics of the mystics. Indeed, in the discussion of criticisms he cannot allow Dr. Hughes is almost a model apologist. The fullest and richest mysticism Dr. Hughes finds in the specifically religious sphere. Not only so—'in mysticism we have what is the core and essence of religion at its best'. To that central conviction Dr. Hughes remains faithful throughout. The mystic is not a moral wanton nor a spiritual loafer. He is a God-intoxicated heart and mind. Mysticism is no exotic cult. It is a career set for every man—a career in some sort pursued by every man at all, and in any actual sense, religious. It is, therefore, with the major Christian mystics that Dr. Hughes principally deals—though as types, not monopolists. It is unnecessary to follow Dr. Hughes through all the details of his discussion. For the most part he treads well-worn roads. No new ground is broken up in his treatment of the mystics 'knowing' for example. There he rightly insists on the limitations of 'reason' viewed simply as 'reasoning', and on the element of intuition in all knowing. Very properly it is insisted that the highest form of knowing is 'seeing'. Very properly also the moral conditioning of the mystic's seeing is insisted upon. It must not be forgotten that the mystic's quest is something more than the philosopher's search for truth. It involves something more than the 'stubborn attempt to think accurately'. The mystic seeks the unitive life—One-ness with God. But such one-ness calls for surrender, purity, love. It is this simple fact that determines, so to say, the dialectic of the mystic way. In discussing these matters Dr. Hughes says nothing new. Equally he says nothing banal or outrageous. As is perhaps natural, the bulk of the book is devoted to the psychological analysis of the mystical

experience, and the examination of objections against or 'explanations' of the experience from the side of psychology. In particular the two chapters 7 and 8, entitled respectively, 'Abnormal Psychology and Mysticism'; and 'Psycho-Analysis and Mysticism', appear to the present writer as probably the most useful in the book. There the theories and criticisms of such writers as Leuba, Coe, Janet, Murisier and Freud are patiently examined, and just as patiently refuted. Very little remains to be said beyond what Dr. Hughes himself has said, and his judgements will be endorsed by most fairminded students of the subject. In one respect Dr. Hughes seems a trifle uncertain. Occasionally he gives a place to the mystical ecstasy that probably the mystics themselves would hesitate to endorse—at least those mystics who constitute 'the great tradition'. Now and again it seems to be suggested that the ecstasy is the only really fully mystical experience. Such is not the view of the mystics themselves. It is true they prize such experiences as a thirsty man prizes refreshment put into his hand. They do not, however, appear to regard it as essential to mystical life. Indeed, as in the case of Santa Teresa and others, a point is said to be reached where the union between the self and God becomes so complete and unbroken that even the ecstasy itself would appear a species of interruption or needless diversion. I offer no remark on that beyond this—the claims of mysticism do not seem to me to be bound up with any verdict concerning the mystic ecstasy. At the very worst it may be viewed as Leuba views it—a kind of psychical void that in some subtle fashion is later affirmed to have been an experience of the 'Divine Spark'. Even so the mystical claim is not disposed of. The challenge of mysticism does not lie in 'the merely queer' that many adhere to or even inhere in it. It lies, rather, in the constantly repeated affirmation that there is a direct revelation of God which is not through experience of this world. I may have misunderstood Dr. Hughes here. His thought seems confused. But that single point apart, his book seems to me a sound and helpful appraisal of the validity of the mystic's claim that his experience is experience of 'The Transcendent Other'.

J. E. STOREY.

Reality and Value. By A. Campbell Garnett, M.A., Litt.D.
(G. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

The sub-title of the above named volume by Dr. Garnett, associate Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin, is 'An Introduction to Metaphysics and an Essay on the Theory of Value'. The two-fold description given in this sub-title is justified, and the author's claim that his book should be found useful as an introduction to metaphysics can be heartily endorsed. Throughout he deals with the unavoidably difficult questions of metaphysics in a fresh and interesting way; and it will not be his fault if—as he hopes—what he has written is found of use and interest, outside the classroom, by many others who are trying, amid the prevailing intellectual stresses, to

work out a stable and significant philosophy of life. The volume, however, is much more than a fresh introduction to metaphysics. It is a closely reasoned statement of what may be called modern philosophical Realism, the endeavour being to show that such a Realism, so far from being an attack upon, or involving a repudiation of, the spiritual view of the universe defended by what is vaguely and generally called Idealism, leads to a conviction of the reality of spiritual values implicit in religion. Dr. Garnett's contention is that 'we are aware of the reality of values in just the same way as we are aware of the reality of other things, and that our knowledge of mind is as direct and reliable as our knowledge of the physical world'. The first part of the book, therefore, is concerned with questions of epistemology, the aim being to lay the foundations of a critical Realism kindred to such views as those of Whitehead, Stout and Kemp Smith. The kind of Realism so maintained is opposed to an epistemological Idealism but not to an ontological Idealism. That is, while it refuses the Berkeleyan '*esse est percipi*' and kindred views, such as that 'the real' is 'experience', at the same time it maintains the reality of the universe of spiritual values which is usually associated with an idealistic philosophy. Dr. Garnett wishes to confine the term 'Idealism' to an epistemological Idealism, and so to maintain a Realism which is as opposed to Naturalism as is the more broadly understood Idealism of religious tradition. Whether it will be possible, or even whether it is desirable, to confine 'Idealism' to so restricted a use is perhaps doubtful. If it could be achieved it would certainly lead to a clarification in many popular discussions on philosophical and theological themes. But it has to be remembered that 'Realists' themselves are by no means agreed in their Ontology—or, if you will, in their world-view: and this fact will make difficult the restriction of usage pled for. 'The characteristic feature of modern Realism, and perhaps the one point on which Realists are united, is their refusal to accept' the proposition that all reality consists of experiencers and their experiences: such is the contention of the author. But whether we can, on the basis of that single epistemological agreement, consent to the handing over of the term 'Idealism' to those who accept the aforesaid proposition is indeed a question. Nevertheless, such is Dr. Garnett's position. He repeatedly stresses the importance of the distinction between *the act of being aware* and *the object of awareness*, referring with indebtedness to the article of Professor G. E. Moore in *Mind* on 'The Refutation of Idealism'. 'It is the great contribution of the Realist movement in philosophy to have made this distinction clear.' The Idealism which obliterated that distinction involves—not just what it itself claims, namely, the refutation of Materialism but also—the denial of the possibility of any knowledge of God, any assurance regarding our insight into values, or any confidence in the ultimate worth of the finite individual. 'Realism has done service in undermining this aspect of Idealism.' 'From the standpoint of the theory of knowledge, the most important result of this recognition of the distinction between the act of awareness and its object is that

it establishes the independent existence of that of which we are immediately aware.' In reply to the obvious objection which here arises—namely, what about the experiences of dreams, images, hallucinations, illusions, and errors?—the answer is given that while what is given in experience is real, what is actually given always suggests *interpretations* that are not given; and error arises from the *interpretation* of individual perspectives or points of view. The important conclusion for Dr. Garnett's main thesis issuing from this analysis is that the data of value experience, apart from questions of interpretation, are also equally real with the data of sense experience. The later chapters of the book are, as we have already suggested, devoted to a discussion of Value, where the familiar triad, Truth, Beauty and Goodness, is established in Reality. The *theological* implication of the type of Realism expounded is thus expressed by the author in his cogent and stimulating volume: 'It is the knowledge that the Eternal Will is good that transforms our conception of the Absolute into what religion means by God. It is truth that needs no philosophical reasoning to understand or prove. It is given in its clearness to the moral insight that discovers within the soul a will that "seeketh not its own". For when that will is discovered it is not man's natural thought to believe that it is entirely his own will. It requires the sophistication of the modern man, priding himself on his racial self-achievement of an ascent from Simian ancestry, even to think it his own. A deeper and somewhat humbler reflection will always carry us back to the first thought of the spiritual leaders of the race who made the discovery. The conclusion they drew might be put in words from Robert Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*—that throughout the range of our experience of value, and especially in this highest insight of all,

God is seen as the very self-essence of Love,
Creator and mover of all as active Lover of all,
Self-expressed in not-self, without which no self were.'

C. J. WRIGHT.

Divine Causation. By W. J. Beale, D.Phil. (Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.)

Dr. Beale's book is described in its sub-title as a critical study concerning 'intermediaries', by which he means beings intervening between God and man. A large part of his work consists in showing how the belief in a supreme causal agent—God—arose in Israel, and how it took up into itself earlier beliefs involved in Nature-worship, magic and divination. To these came to be added a hierarchy of angels, taken from Persian or Babylonian sources, and so a host of intermediaries appeared. It was not till about 300 B.C. that Satan as the source of evil appeared in Jewish thought. Later apocalyptic literature, both in the Old Testament and the New, carried the belief in intermediate agents much farther, so that even the Apostles—especially St. Paul—encouraged it. No reference to such intermediaries can, however, be attributed to Jesus Himself. All these results are

arrived at by a process of higher criticism, such as only learned scholars can appraise, or even dispute about. However, it seems reasonable on many grounds to believe that Christ transcended the views of His reporters, and that He had more direct communion with Deity than His disciples understood. Probably, therefore, His monotheism was, like that of the greater Hebrew prophets, free from belief in angels or demons. All the same, it does not follow that that belief is irrational in itself, or that the formula that God is both transcendent and immanent precludes intermediaries. For may there not be delegated causal power, possessed by finite beings for good or evil? Dr. Beale's treatment all through his book is too short and summary to dispose of the many questions he raises, and though it contains much valuable material for a philosophy of the mode of divine causation, it cannot be said to yield a solution.

ATKINSON LEE.

The Prophetic Road to God. By T. H. Sutcliffe, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.)

Happy indeed must have been the Church Tutorial Classes who heard these lectures on the prophets. Though the book reached me on holiday, when I was in no mood for a task, the reading of it was sheer delight. Would that a generation ago, when some of us were at college, we had been given such an introduction to Biblical studies! It is useless, of course, to indulge in such regrets. Rather we congratulate the young students of to-day that so concise and lively a book as this will save them many hours of unfruitful labour and much mystification. Not that the author encourages anyone to think that he knows the Old Testament literature when he has raced through a handbook. At many points in these lectures one is referred to the fuller works of men like George Adam Smith, Peake, and Wheeler Robinson. And what is even more important, at least for a beginning, one is carried to the Bible passages themselves by irresistible enchantment. Passing swiftly from an account of ancient Hebrew writings to a brief sketch of Hebrew history, the book shows how the prophets arose and the part each one played. The interweaving of the history and the inspired prophet is done with imaginative skill. Whether Mr. Sutcliffe is dealing with Jeremiah and his two baskets of figs or with Jonah and the sea-monster, or with anything else in the prophetic books that seems remote from life as we know it, he has a magic way of likening the remote thing to some well-known modern fact. Ancient beliefs and customs are lit up and seen anew, as an old cathedral front with its architectural symbols is revealed by flood-lighting. The prophets spring to life with the history they helped to make. No longer does one get a sick head wondering whether Wellhausen or some other scholar was right about the doom passages in Amos: the man with his message is alive, and we want a modern edition of him. We begin to understand what the Deuteronomic reforms really meant, and where they overstepped. In one masterly chapter we are able to get a clear view of the changes that made the Jews what they became after the Exile.

The vivid exposition never slackens. After a description of Antiochus Epiphanes and the rise of the Maccabees, Mr. Sutcliffe says: 'As one of my friends suggested in a Bible study class, "Daniel was like newspaper propaganda during war-time".' Equally illuminating is the word-picture of Pompey the Roman entering the Holy of Holies when he besieged Jerusalem. Where a Biblical problem has led to voluminous discussion among the scholars, the author candidly tells us that there is matter for a long explanation, and proceeds in few words to give the chief points. One of the most valuable parts of the book treats of God's use of the prophetic method in revealing Himself to mankind. Most valuable of all, perhaps, is the discussion of the Servant of Jehovah and the missionary calling of Israel. It is to be hoped that the book will have wide use among those who would make the Old Testament a living book. One reader at least is determined to use it, even if he indulges in unwonted plagiarism!

FRANK FAIRFAX.

Hume's Theory of Knowledge. By Constance Maund.
(Macmillan. 12s.)

In the philosophical reflection which takes knowledge itself as the object of investigation the British philosopher Hume must be allowed a high place. The interrelation of mind knowing and objects known, raises the whole question of the nature of reality. The connexion between subject and predicate in judgements bears vitally on the principle of truth. The difficulties arising out of a failure to understand the causal interrelations of mind and body are far from being solved in modern work. They appear to transcend the scope of our present knowledge. As sensations are effects mechanically originated there is no proof that they resemble their causes. Hume saw more clearly than any previous thinker the incomprehensibility of the principle of causation and made others see that unless some way of escape could be found all philosophical thinking would be paralysed. Reid, Lambert, Crusius and Priestley misunderstood Hume. Some, like Beattie, misrepresented his teaching. Thirty years had to pass before his point was seized. It is the glory of Hume that he changed the direction of Kant's mind. The comprehensiveness and the vital importance of Hume's argument led to Kant's great question, 'How are synthetic *a priori* judgements possible?' Hume has been variously interpreted. Commentators have held that he is completely tied up by his doctrine of discrete perceptions, and that he cannot advance a step further. Others—and here the emotive element in criticism enters—insist that his scepticism does not allow him to offer anything constructive: his epistemology ends in nihilism. Others assert that his contribution is positive. One reason for verdicts so various lies in Hume's style and his terminology. The position is remarkable. Hume set out to avoid the ambiguities and the confusions of other philosophers, and desired to avoid the jargon which was a source of misunderstanding and of discomfiture to the plain man. He would write so that the

'vulgar' might be enlightened. The result is the nemesis that follows all who would make fundamental problems easy to understand. His simple language turns out to be a mass of ambiguity. Instead of making it easy for the vulgar, it becomes difficult for the expert. Mrs. Maund sets out courageously in this spirited book to straighten Hume out. It should be made clear that it is no primer. It will tax the keen student. A sound knowledge of Hume's *Treatise* and *Enquiry* is presupposed. Unless these have been read the book is unintelligible. Adequate acquaintance with his predecessors and with later philosophy is indispensable. On the whole she may be regarded as a champion of Hume, though she severely criticizes her thinker and deals drastically with his terms. She gives a short discussion of the theory of knowledge and embraces all Hume's cognitive theories in her scope. Usually Hume's arguments have been regarded as dealing with metaphysical problems. Mrs. Maund asserts that he confused psychological, metaphysical, and epistemological statements, and insists that his theory of knowledge is his chief contribution to philosophy. She is, of course, up against Hume's characteristic manner of using the same term in more than one sense and, seeks to clarify his meaning by changing his terms. For instance, 'object' is used by Hume to indicate (1) that which is external to and independent of the mind, and (2) that which is not known to be external and is not independent of the mind. She substitutes for 'object' in the second sense the term 'accusative'—though her use of accusative occasionally puzzles the reader. It tends to become a kind of King Charles's head. Another important term, 'sensation', is ambiguous. At one place it signifies an epistemological abstraction, at another the psychological connotation is evident. She cuts the knot by reserving 'sensation' for that which is apprehended directly by means of a concept, and prefers to use 'simple perception' for the psychological event. So far from being a metaphysical inquiry, Mrs. Maund allows Hume only one metaphysical statement proper: the proposition that simple perceptions are what really exist. Impressions and ideas correspond to the substance of previous philosophies. External objects, selves, and complexes may be denied; perceptions may not be representations of things beyond themselves; but no one, Hume holds, can question the existence of simple perceptions. All Hume's work except this is analysis. Her treatment of sensation leads to the conclusion that Hume has confused two different concepts and that he failed to discriminate between the psychologically simple and the epistemologically simple. The examination of the accusatives of perceiving occupies three chapters, (1) simple impressions, (2) ideas, (3) complexes and objects. She regrets that Hume did not pursue the problems of perception more fully, but so far as he goes the importance of what he has done warrants the student in making the most of it. She has to take the somewhat risky line of getting at Hume's mind not altogether by what he says, but by what she considers to be the implications, and this after she had revised his terminology. She contends that he failed to realize that the simplicity of any element is relative to a particular inquiry and that error will creep in because of its

empirical character, and that all problems of importance relating to complexed concern ideas apprehended as external. The treatment of the two fundamental premises which Hume believed must be accepted, though they were inconsistent with each other, is typical of her method. The inconsistency is shown to lie in assumptions which Hume hardly perceived, and that the assumptions are unnecessary for many of his more important doctrines. Refuse the assumptions, the inconsistency vanishes, and the principles are vindicated. On the general nature of Hume's scepticism she points out the distinction between scepticism with regard to the senses, and scepticism with regard to reason. Each is an epistemological theory of purely philosophical interest, not to be discounted by its impotence in the realm of practical life. She inclines to the opinion that Hume's problem of the accusatives of believing is a highly specialized one of epistemological rather than psychological importance. The work is the product of a clever mind. Readers must do some hard thinking to keep pace with her argument. The summaries printed in the table of contents are admirably done. Many will assert the précis to be the best part of the volume. The contrast between the clear, crisp, and concise style of the abstracts and the involved and over-elaborated style of the main body of the book is striking. The favourable attention of librarians might be given to this contribution which Mrs. Maund makes to a very important issue in philosophy. The student of Hume and his period needs a work of this specialized character which really does help research.

ERNEST BARRETT.

Christendom and Islam : Their Contacts and Cultures down the Centuries. By W. Wilson Cash, D.S.O., D.D. (S. C. M. Press. 5s.)

Dr. Wilson Cash is well qualified for the task he has attempted in this book. For many years he lived in close contact with Muslims in Egypt, and he is now, as General Secretary of the C.M.S., in a position to direct general missionary policy. The problem is, how is the Christian Church to handle the Muslim situation? For centuries the relations between the two religions have been embittered. During the nineteenth century missionaries attempted to argue Muslims into being Christians, and their frequent attacks on the character of Muhammad only served to defeat their purpose. In this last generation it is being repeatedly insisted that the only spirit in which Muslims can be approached with any prospect of success is the spirit of love. That is easily said, but it may be very vague, and is in need of some further definition. Dr. Cash thinks that the way of *rapprochement* is for Christians to try to understand Islam on its mystical side. Time was, before the rise of the Turks, when relations between Christian and Muslim were much more friendly than they have ever been since. Those were the days of the growth of mysticism in Islam, a mysticism that was deeply indebted to Christianity. It is remarkable how similar, both in thought and expression, mysticism is in the two religions. If Muslims would approach Christianity in the spirit of Al-Ghazzali, and Christians would approach Muslims in the spirit of

Raymond Lull, things would be much happier than they are. There are, of course, obvious dangers, and many cautions rise to the mind. But Christianity is so deeply grounded in history that few Christian mystics have plunged into the sea of pantheistic monism. So long as we give supremacy to the Person of Christ—and Dr. Cash does that—there is much to be said for venturing some way along the road he suggests. It would surely be better so than now, when, as Dr. Cash puts it, ‘so often the activities of a missionary’s life outrun his contemplation’.

C. R. NORTH.

Hebrew Religion between the Testaments. By Thomas Walker, D.D. (James Clarke & Co. 3s. 6d.)

Jewish teaching is Dr. Walker’s familiar theme. His treatment is impartial and sympathetic, leaving the impression that his effort is to appreciate the form which a saving faith in God has taken in others. For the purpose of this book he has used the writings which spread over the generations of devout Israelites from 200 B.C. to A.D. 100, and from them portrays the religious mind of the community that made this literature possible. It is an effort to transmit the deep devotional thought of the Saints of the age as revealed in these writings. A considerable variety of opinion and conviction was manifestly possible in the period. But this variety did not affect their unity in all the essentials of Judaism. They had the same idea of God, although their ideas as to the working of His providence differed. But not in any greater measure than those which are to be found to-day in Judaism. They would have had no difficulty in joining in the prayers of the authorized *Daily Prayer Book of the United Hebrew Congregation of the British Empire*. The author’s aim of acquainting the reader with the religious ideas and spirit of the Saints of that period is very successfully made. And the religion of a good Jew as taught to his family in the time of our Lord is plainly pictured. It should be easy by such help to feel the real charm of the devout home in which our Lord ‘increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man’. That home at Nazareth to which the world owes more than it has ever known.

None Other Gods. By Visser ’T Hooft. (S.C.M.P. 5s.)

Dr. Visser ’T Hooft is General Secretary of the World’s Student Christian Federation. His position and the wide experience it secures through the contacts of his world travels, give him a unique opportunity for assessing the trend of thought and life throughout the world. In this penetrating study we have presented a wonderfully clear diagnosis of the modern situation with all the perils of secularism, together with a convinced and convincing statement of the Christian cure. Altogether this is an unusual book, with an original way of looking at modern attitudes and problems, and in a grimly realistic way searching the life of the Churches. He is prophetic and constructive. The old Christendom is dead; but a new is struggling to

be born. The incisive thought cuts through the outward seeming of things to the permanent reality. One would like to think that this message will get into the hands of every Christian really capable of a little serious thinking. And the Church should be grateful for the work of such an alert and penetrating mind, capable of presenting this vivid picture of anti-Christian world conditions and propaganda, a presentation which rivets the attention from first to last. The first six chapters discuss the basis and the content of the Christian life. The following four chapters represent studies in what might be called the 'foreign policy' of Christianity. They deal with the Christian approach to modern civilization, to the totalitarian movements, to the intellectual world, and to one of the main contemporary philosophies of life: the worship of life. The most important chapter, from the fact of the Christian's relationship to all this diagnosis and analysis of cause and effect, is the last chapter, because of its personal pointedness and full understanding of New Testament teaching, its theme is: the life of witness. It is a matter of life and death to-day as to whether a Church is a witnessing Church. And as to whether the witness is pure depends much less upon knowledge or theology than the willingness to let Christ be the Lord of life. This is a book pulsating on every page with the life that is and is to be: a book not to be missed.

W. G. THORNAL BAKER.

Handbook of Church History. By S. G. Green, D.D.
(Lutterworth Press. 12s. 6d.)

The eighth volume in the series is Dr. Samuel G. Green's *Handbook of Church History, from the Apostolic Era to the dawn of the Reformation*, revised and condensed by L. E. Elliott-Binns, D.D. Dr. Green claimed that every Christian should have some knowledge of the progress and growth of Christ's Kingdom on earth. In a volume of 432 pages fifteen centuries of Church Life and development are outlined in a most competent and attractive way, so that any one who wishes to know something of the beginnings and developments of the faith and practice of early Christians has here the means to that end. It is, in consequence, not a book to which the student and specialist will often turn, but most heartily to be commended to laymen—in matters of Church History—who will find here a fascinating story of the never ceasing work of the Spirit. He will realize the miracle of the Church and its astonishing survival in the struggle against unbelief in the heathen and heretics, and against worldly-mindedness in professed Christians. The book was originally written with a definite purpose and according to certain principles which Dr. Elliott-Binns has been careful to preserve. In the words of Neander, the aim is 'to exhibit the history of the Church of Christ as a living witness of the divine power of Christianity; as a school of Christian experience; a voice sounding through the ages, of instruction, of doctrine, and of reproof, for all who are disposed to listen'. As is to be expected, the first five centuries are most fully dealt with, occupying two thirds

of the book; the last ten centuries providing chiefly a most interesting picture gallery of the men who, for a shorter, or longer period held the stage. The revision is limited to footnotes and references to modern authorities. It is surprising, among these, to find no mention of Professor G. S. Duncan's theory of an Ephesian imprisonment or of Canon Streeter's work on the Didache. But in a work of this kind it would be impossible and undesirable to multiply references.

J. ALLAN FLETCHER.

Death or Dogma? By E. L. Mascall. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.)

The author believes that dogma is the only way to save a world threatened with death. He confutes the idea that Christian dogma is unpractical and obscure while Christian action is the reverse. Mr. Mascall claims that Christian revelation is a startling, vital fact without which our social schemes and service are vacillating and purposeless. As a prelude to the social service he proposes a careful study of Christian dogma. The method he uses is fresh and has a welcome wisp of humour. Our faith can be used as an escape from the perversion of the world or as an instrument for its regeneration. The book is the outcome of a course of lectures on Christian sociology. In successive chapters the author deals with the sovereignty of God, the dignity and personality of man, the dignity of God, the resurrection of the world and the making of the New Jerusalem. In each lecture the advocacy is good and the challenge vital. It is our task to call an unheeding world to repentance and not to accommodate our faith to the world's demands. Mankind must face His demand or perish. This is a virile book which will repay careful study and result in sacrificial devotion.

The Children of the Wilderness. By S. Gamzu Gurney.
(Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.)

The neglect of the Old Testament to-day is a melancholy result of the destructive criticism that marked the scholarship of the last generation. The time has come for constructive, vital interpretation of the priceless treasures of the Old Testament. The diggers in ancient lands have confounded the critics, and in this book, equipped by first hand knowledge and enriched by many drawings, photographs and maps, the writer has resurrected the life and times of the Old Testament. It is a reverent book and the eight stories told are true to the Bible and History. Each tale is introduced by a survey of the time portrayed therein and copious Bible references are given. The first seven scenes cover the whole period of O.T. history and the last reveals life in Palestine to-day. For teachers, parents and ministers this well made book will meet a felt need in a satisfactory way and it is recommended without reserve.

SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS

Nassau Senior and Classical Economics. By Marian Bowley, Ph.D. (Econ.) London. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 15s.)

It seems rather presumptuous for one who is a mere amateur in the field of Economic Science, to attempt to appraise the value of a book which is so evidently the work of an economic thinker of rare and cultivated knowledge. The erudition of the author is as immense as her judgement is well balanced. With unerring eye she surveys the vast fields of economic exploration and her compass holds. Her tribute to Nassau Senior is the fruit of her researches into his published and unpublished work: it is all the sounder because of her readiness to see that he was not infallible, and that not a few of the positions supposed by him to be impregnable are found to be exceedingly vulnerable when siege is laid to them by the economic batteries of later days. Nassau Senior certainly did not envisage the time when all economists of repute would have dethroned the deity of *laissez-faire*, which from Adam Smith downwards, through Ricardo, J. S. Mill, Malthus, Cairns, &c., had been set upon the throne of the Universe of Economic Science. With the passing of *laissez-faire* much of the teaching of Nassau Senior has diminished in value, but that is not to disparage the worth of the author's attempt to recapture his message and to place him once for all in the category he earned for himself by his valuable and all too little noticed work. Nassau Senior will ever hold a position of credit, if not of eminence, in the eyes of those who possess a true knowledge of the history of Economic Science from the time of *The Wealth of Nations* to the present day. This book is not only for the advanced student of economics—though none will be too advanced to read it with interest and gain from it new knowledge, for some of the facts contained in its pages have never before been published—but it will also be of incomparable assistance to the young minister who wishes to survey the whole field of economic development since the days of the great classicals. It can be claimed that this book has succeeded in doing what has never been done before. It is a presentation of Nassau Senior's work, both published and unpublished, and thus it fills a gap in the history of Economic thought—a piece of work which will put all economists in Miss Bowley's debt.

Nassau William Senior, the Economist, was born at Compton Beauchamp in Berkshire, eldest son of John Raven Senior, Vicar of Durnford. He was educated at Eton, proceeding to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he became in 1813, Vinerian Scholar. He was called to the Bar in 1819. His first published article was on the Corn Laws, in the *Quarterly Review*. In 1823 he was elected a member of the Political Economy Club. From 1825-30 he held the position of First Drummond Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, during which period he published many books and lectures, including two

lectures in 1829 on Population, together with a correspondence between the author and the Rev. T. R. Malthus. In 1830 he was invited by Lord Melbourne to report on the state of the laws relating to Combinations—a piece of work which viewed in the light of to-day's social outlook, was somewhat reactionary and timid. Next came the appointment as Professor of Political Economy at King's College, London. Much of his finest practical work was done as a member of the Commission for inquiring into the Administration and Operation of the Poor Laws. He was also actively engaged in Factory Legislation, his letter on the Factory Act, written as a result of his tour of the Cotton factories in Lancashire in 1837, having a good deal of influence upon the Government. Four years later we see his hand in the Report of the Commission on the Condition of the Unemployed Hand-loom Workers, and then for the last ten years of his life we get from his pen other lectures and essays on Political Economy. In 1847 he went back to the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford for the second time—a Professorship which he held for five years. 1857 finds him a member of the Royal Commission on Popular Education, 1860, President of Section F of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1862 he gave evidence before the select committee on Poor Relief, and in 1863 he was President of the Education Department of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Few men have combined in greater degree than Nassau Senior the dual parts of Theorist and Practical Politician. An amateur economic student is surprised to find so many divergent opinions on the scope and method of the science of political economy. No question of economics has received more attention. In this connexion John Stuart Mill and his followers seem to stand alone in that they introduced into costing processes the Economic Man. Adam Smith's analysis had resulted in the formation of the general conclusion that the maximum output of the goods desired would result from freedom of action in economic transactions, within a legal framework of security of property. Adam Smith was a pure economist, and as such he was not interested in ethical considerations. In this he was followed by Ricardo and Malthus, though Malthus, who had the population bee in his economic bonnet, could never for long see eye to eye with Ricardo. But if Malthus chastised the Ricardian theories with whips, the Continental Say chastised them with scorpions. The first chapter of Miss Bowley's book gives a very lucid and entertaining description of the quarrels between these men, economists all, and yet at times as blind as bats to all except their own pet theories. All of them accepted without question the existence of general laws, although it must be recorded that of the classical economists, McCulloch did endeavour to state certain premisses relating to human behaviour on which they were based. It was Richard Jones who, standing outside the ring of the Classical School, protested most vigorously against this general attitude of ignoring the relation between economic influences and social institutions. Richard Jones regarded Sociology as a branch of Economics, thus reversing the theory of Comte that Economics

was a branch of Sociology. In this surely Jones was right. For Economics deals with the principles—in-so-far as they can be discovered—upon which Sociology must, to be successful, base its action. Jones also criticized the Classicals for their ignoring of the relativity of economic laws. Senior's place in the discussion may thus be summarized. Primarily he was out to solve the problem of poverty: he wanted to raise the working-classes from the poverty level without injuring any other interest. He starts therefore with a wide definition of Political Economy as 'The Science which teaches in what wealth consists—by what agents it is produced—and according to what laws it is distributed—and what are the institutions and customs by which production may be facilitated and distribution regulated, so as to give the largest possible amount of wealth to each individual'. Senior differed from some of the Classicals in that he stressed the unpredictability of human actions, the complex of human passions, the variations in civilized development—and unlike McCulloch he thought these unpredictables to be something more than minor deflections. Then followed the deduction for which Senior will be for ever placed either on a pinnacle or in a pillory—'That every person is desirous to obtain with as little sacrifice as possible as much as possible of the articles of wealth'. Although our Christian sentiment may, and does, rise in protest against such a law so baldly stated, yet we cannot get away from the fact that such a proposition was, and is, the common one of all Classical economics. It is not difficult to understand why a former Vice-President of the Primitive Methodist Church, during a Vice-Presidential address that for brilliance and insight the present writer has never heard equalled from a Conference platform—said that the last word in the Science of Political Economy had not been uttered by Adam Smith. Quite true, Senior qualified this by writing:

'In stating that every man desires to obtain additional wealth with as little sacrifice as possible, we must not be supposed to mean that everybody, or indeed anybody, wishes for an infinite quantity of everything, still less as stating that wealth, though the universal, either is or ought to be, the principal object of human desire. What we mean to state is, that no person feels his whole wants to be adequately supplied; and every person has some unsatisfied desires which he believes that additional wealth would gratify. The nature and urgency of each individual's wants are as various as the differences in individual character. Some may wish for power, others for distinction, others for leisure; some require bodily, and others mental amusement; some are anxious to produce important advantage to the public; and there are few—perhaps there are none—who if it could be done by a wish, would not benefit their acquaintances and friends. Money seems to be the only object for which the desire is universal; and it is so because money is abstract wealth. . . . An equal diversity exists in the amount and the kind of the sacrifice which different individuals, or even the same individual, will encounter in the pursuit of wealth. And not only is the same sacrifice more severe to one than another, as some will not give up ease or leisure for study, others good air and a country life, and others recreation and society, but the absolute desire for wealth on the one hand, and the absolute will to encounter toils and privations in its pursuit on the other, are stronger in some men than in others.'

Dr. Bowley not only approves that admirable statement, but suggests that even in modern literature such a statement of the essential premisses of the economics of choice, or of the reality and sufficiency of those premisses, as a basis for a theory of value applicable to the real world, cannot be improved. The only further quotation from

Senior which needs to be made to make perfectly clear his view on the scope and method of economics is, 'the business of a Political Economist is neither to recommend nor to dissuade, but to state general principles, which it is fatal to neglect, but neither advisable, nor perhaps practical, to use as the sole, or even the principal guides in the actual conduct of affairs'. In other words Senior was ever aware of a quality called human nature. Nor was he a slave to consistency. For in 1847 he had so far shifted from his earlier position, that he defined the *Science of political economy* as stating the laws regulating the production and distribution of wealth, *so far as they depend upon the action of the human mind*. And as an *art*, he defined it as 'the art which points out the institutions and habits most conducive to the production and accumulation of wealth, which is most favourable to the happiness of mankind'. We have but touched the fringe of this fascinating study. Senior seems ever to have been the most circumspect of economists, occupying a position somewhat between the earlier Classicals and J. S. Mill. In this survey, Miss Bowley holds the balance fairly between contending schools. Senior seems to have held that Economics might be brought in as an aid to Social Policy, but such social policies were not to be discussed *qua* economists. He was supremely an Economist. If he took part—as he frequently did with very good effect—in social discussions, he did so, not as an economist, but as a moralist and a statesman. In this very imperfect introduction to a book which is destined to take a great place in modern economic literature and will be found on the shelves of every student of Economics who wishes to be abreast of the times, there is only space to add that one cannot read the book without feeling that one has been brought into contact with a towering personality who probably did as much for the sane development of Economic Theory as any of his contemporaries. Had Senior been born a century later, the more developed social conscience would have prevented his patronage of the 'lower orders', and certainly have made less timid his approach to the work of the Trade Union Movement. We must not, however, take Nassau Senior out of his historical setting: in that setting he will ever be regarded by discerning minds and by trained economists, as well as by amateurs who have an eye for values, as one of the great thinkers and reformers of his period. Our hearty thanks are due to Dr. Marian Bowley for her very thorough research, for her realistic style, and for her successful attempt to make her hero live again—a hero, though not without scars. The book is exceedingly well printed.

PERCY S. CARDEN.

Experiments in Social Reconstruction. Edited by John S. Hoyland. (Allenson & Co. The Firbank Series. 2s. 6d.)

The experiments described here are based on the philosophy of history written by Augustine in the fifth century. Augustine analysed the causes of the collapse of the Roman Empire, and the method to be followed if a more Christian world-order was to arise. Similarly

Adler, the Austrian psychologist, in a diagnosis of our civilization reaches the Augustinian conclusions but expresses them in modern terminology. In both cases, the disease in civilization is described as psychological, not merely economic or political. Things go wrong because false motives control individuals, and therefore groups. These false motives can be summed up as *amor sui*—the love of self—expressed in the impulse to gather power and wealth. The cure of the disease is to spread out over the world great numbers of little enclaves in which such false motivation shall be eliminated by careful planning, careful teaching, and social action. The motive power is *amor Dei*—the love of God. This book gives a record of what some contemporary Christians are actually doing in an attempt to establish a new realm of goodwill. It is already an imposing record, fraught with infinite possibilities. It describes experiments in Nursery Schools, school training for citizenship, allotments, co-operative farms for unemployed men, a mutual service scheme for women, Homecrofting, Subsistence Production Societies, unemployed men's clubs, and collective settlements. The book is of first-rate importance. May we commend it to the notice of any with even a remote interest in social amelioration and reform. Those whose imagination has been captivated by the Russian experiment and achievement will do well to ponder the reasonings and programme of this book. The people in Russia have been 'collectivized' by decree, and such use of force is of uncertain worth. John S. Hoyland and his collaborators show us an alternative based on goodwill and social action under the inspiration of spiritual religion.

W. R. CHAPMAN.

Aspects of a Changing Social Structure. By Sir Percy Alden.
Halley Stewart Lecture, 1936. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

These lectures treat in a most lucid and engaging manner subjects affecting our daily life which are of real interest to every alert mind. Too often, despite their intrinsic value, such matters are discussed in a way which is either highly technical or biased in favour of a pre-selected mode of treatment. The layman in social science is easily able to follow the arguments advanced in this book because he is first of all interested and instructed afterwards. Sir Percy Alden has written in accordance with his own dictum that 'the worst kind of crank is the man who sees one thing so vividly that he is blind to all the other things which alone can explain the one that he does see'. The first four lectures, on 'The Child—the Future Citizen', the citizen's health, housing and security, were originally delivered to show the increasing interest taken by Government departments in problems of social welfare. The other three, less connected, deal with the future of industry—in particular the basic two, coal and agriculture. There is frank recognition of very disconcerting facts—especially those relating to comparisons between the health and prospects of those people living near the poverty line and those above it. The

author is no facile optimist but he has distinct faith in the readiness of all sections of the community to continue and to expedite means of putting into practice the Christian belief that nothing is so valuable as human personality. Sir Percy Alden holds no brief for independent, uncontrolled competition, but neither does he favour those who would wipe out individual liberty of action. He is convinced that evolution and not revolution is to be our way, with an ever-increasing and benevolent watchfulness exercised by the State. Workers and employers, as is evident in co-operative benefit schemes, are recognizing their mutual dependence and the State should foster every development likely to affect the community for good. His treatment of the subject should help immensely those who want to see both the wood and the trees. Sir Percy has given us an informative, thought-provoking and hopeful book.

HAROLD S. DARBY.

The Apocrypha. By R. H. Malden. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.)

The Dean of Wells has issued in book form his six Lenten lectures on the Apocrypha. The neglect of this part of the Scriptures by the Christian Church has been a real loss to thought and devotion. The author deals with the questions of the relationship of these books to the canon of Scripture, with their importance and value to-day and the occasion and cause of their production. Throughout the lectures a scholarly and constructive attitude is maintained and on this score the book will be welcomed. His discussion of the Dispersion is careful and illuminating. The growth of Alexandria as a seat of learning resulted in the Septuagint translation which was the Bible of the Dispersion and of the Early Church. This translation contained the Apocrypha of which some books were only written in Greek. A better name for the books would be Deutero-Canonical, for they are the most worthy of a host of writings which their authors hoped might be given a place in the Canon. The final three chapters are summaries of the contents of each book and appraisements of its permanent value as fiction, wisdom, history, prophecy or apocalypse. The volume is a good introduction to the study of the Apocrypha.

M.

GENERAL

The Secret Languages of Ireland. By R. A. Stewart Macalister.
 (Cambridge University Press. 16s.)

This is a most interesting and indeed fascinating book, but the subject is so intricate, and the volume is crammed with so much remote erudition, that there are probably not half a dozen scholars in Europe who are competent to write an adequate criticism of it. Most people who have any antiquarian interests have come across references to the Ogham inscriptions in Ireland. Here is the point of departure. The Ogham alphabet consists mainly of groups of strokes, one to five in number, arranged in different positions above, below, and across a central stem-line, and there can be little doubt (as the number five would immediately suggest) that the alphabet is a graph of finger signs. The easiest illustration is the deaf and dumb alphabet: the Roman numerals also come to mind as a slighter parallel. The device is clearly meant, at least in the first intention, for secret communication. In some pages which have all the fascination of a detective novel Professor Macalister demonstrates—the word is hardly too strong—that the Ogham signs represent a form of the Greek alphabet found in the sixth century B.C. It will be remembered that Caesar states that the Druids did not commit their verses to writing, ‘though, in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they used Greek characters’. The language of the Druids thus preserved in archaic fragments was Old Goidelic, which ‘bears much the same relation to the earliest Irish of the manuscripts as Latin does to medieval Italian or French’. I must pass over the interesting account of Hisperic and Bog-Latin, and come to Shelta. There are occasional allusions in the literature of the last three hundred years or so to the belief that tinkers had a secret language of their own, but nothing seems to have been known of it until 1876, when Charles Godfrey Leland, the student of gipsy lore, met a knife-grinder near Bath who told him that his fraternity were giving up Romany, the gipsy tongue, because it was becoming too well understood, and added that there was another language that was not ‘too blown’; it was Old Irish, and it was called Shelta. Later Leland met an Irish tramp near Philadelphia who confessed, after some persuasion, to a knowledge of Shelta. Leland compiled a short vocabulary, and several other people who had learned a few Shelta words from tinkers in Ireland and Scotland added their contributions. Then Dr. Sampson, who was once the University Librarian at Liverpool, learned Shelta from Irish tinkers in the slums of Liverpool, at the cost of some discomfort and danger. The jargon was scientifically studied later by Dr. Kuno Meyer. The claims which were made by him at first as to the high antiquity and value of Shelta have to be much reduced. It seems to be a jargon developed from Irish and English, in which the Irish words are modified to make the speech unintelligible to those who spoke Irish only. There are doubtless

elements of antiquity in Shelta, in the occasional survival of ancient Irish words, but that seems to be all that can be said in that direction. The sheer interest of Professor Macalister's volume is much greater than that of most fiction. It is not often that so obscure a theme is treated in such a delightful way, with so much learning and with so much wit.

HENRY BETT.

The Romantic Movement and Methodism. By Frederick C. Gill, M.A. (The Epworth Press. 7s. 6d.)

'It is the glory of the Methodists to have few authors. And a young man can hardly be too slow in this matter', wrote John Wesley. As a whole Methodists have followed his advice in the realm of literature, and we may at first well be sceptical about their influence on the Romantic movement at all. Social historians have, however, recently been stressing the enormous influence of Methodism on all sides of English life, and there have been several excellent books published about its effects on the Working Classes and on Politics. As a whole Literature has remained untouched until the publication of Mr. Gill's book, though the excellent short studies of Dr. Bett should not be forgotten. Let it be said at once that this book is excellent. It is accurate, full of interest, and the author has extensive knowledge of both eighteenth-century religion and of its literature. Although Romanticism is exceedingly difficult to define, most of us feel the difference between the work of Johnson, Pope, Dryden and Swift, and the writers at the beginning of the next century Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott and Byron. We are content to call this difference the revival of Romanticism. Mr. Gill has noted certain differences such as the increases in emotion, the new interest in Nature, the fresh stress on personality, and the outburst of lyrical poetry, and has then shown how Methodism fostered and encouraged these tendencies. Methodism certainly did not begin the movement but filtered it, theologically by standing for all those qualities, and practically by encouraging and teaching the common people to read and study further and to buy cheap books and reprints of Classics which the preachers sold. There is plenty of emotion in the novels of Richardson and Fielding, whose heroes weep copiously for little excuse. Indeed, there is some reason to think that the people as a whole in the eighteenth century were far more emotional if we take into account the stories of the preaching of Wesley in many places and the scenes that often accompanied it. But Methodism was to turn this emotion into more worthy channels, and the Methodist deepened his feelings but turned them to deep things. Wesley's stress on the Arminian view was all important; for if God willed *all* men to be saved, it followed that all men had souls and bodies which mattered on this earth. Thus Methodism encouraged the belief in the value of personality which was to lead to the cry for more Liberty. Methodism, too, set its people singing, and singing the poetry of Charles Wesley. Here was the lyrical note returning in good earnest into English poetry. Evidence is given to show the fondness of the Wesleys for Nature, though their influence on the revival of interest here seems doubtful. John Wesley certainly

admired fine views, but he was most happy with people of classical tastes. He liked ordered scenery and well kept houses with regular gardens : Holland seemed ideal to him. He was a realist and had little time for the sentimental pastoral views of his time, knowing well that country life was not merely roses and sunshine and pipes of tobacco. Of farmers he wrote :

'In general, their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too. For, of all peoples in the kingdom, they are most discontented; seldom satisfied either with God or man.'

Though some may not be able to see any Romantic tendency in Wesley's outlook on Nature, few who study the subject can doubt the revival of interest in the world around among those converted under the early Methodist preachers. As soon as a man saw God aright, he found a fresh and vital interest in the world around him. John Furz well expresses the new rapture that came to him at his conversion :

'If I walked out into the open field, everything showed forth the glory of God. If I looked at the sun my heart said, "My God made this, not for Himself, but us". If I looked on the grass, the corn, the trees, I could not but stand and adore the goodness of God. . . . But oh, how I longed for all the world to know what I knew!'

That is the stuff of which Romanticism is formed, and it is certainly the very soul of Methodism. The book contains a short and sane appreciation of the poetry of Charles Wesley with good examples to show the variety of his metres and his lyric power. In passing, it may be noted that it contains the best and kindest account of John Wesley's personal dealings with children that the present writer has seen. The gloomy writings of James Hervey and the 'graveyard school' of writers are examined, before passing to the excellent prose of the autobiographies of the early Methodist preachers. Here we have prose worthy to be compared with Defoe and Bunyan, and the writers might have made Wesley's words their own when he wrote : 'Very few lay obscurity or intricacy to my charge. Those who do not allow them to be true, do not deny them to be plain.' There is an account of *The Spiritual Quixote* and the little known *Memoirs of James Lackington* who faintly resembles Pepys in his candour. After his conversion to Methodism he prospered and built up a good business. Then he drifted away and published an account of his life exposing the follies and 'enthusiasm' of his old friends. At the end of his life he once more returned and acknowledged his great debt. Smollett's softened views in *Humphrey Clinker* are described, as well as many references to the mention of Methodism in other eighteenth-century novels and periodicals. Slight references are also made to the anti-Methodist plays of the period, and one important fact noted—whenever Methodism was bitterly attacked it was Whitefield rather than Wesley who was held up for ridicule or scorn. Few people ever doubted Wesley's sincerity. In later chapters there is an accurate account of the influence of the Evangelical movement on Cowper. This follows the line set by Mr. Gilbert Thomas's study, as it appears writers in the future must do. A new departure is the attempt to assess the importance of Wesley on Blake and to give examples with chapter and verse to show direct

reference and impact. Much more will probably be written about this in the future, but the foundations are well laid here. Another valuable section gives a careful account of the relations of Coleridge with Methodism, and those interested in theology may like to examine still further the similarities of this writer's views and Wesley's. The Wordsworth section is hardly as satisfactory as that about Coleridge, and we find ourselves disappointed when the book ends before the Romantic writers of the early nineteenth century are discussed. But to ask for more in one book would be ungrateful, and we can look forward to seeing far more written on this subject. Mr. Gill has proved that Methodism had a strong influence on the Romantic revival in England, though it is doubtful if John Wesley himself would have approved. He would certainly have been more at home in the company of Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden than with Shelley or Byron. It is strange how differently the Methodist movement developed from the direction in which he so firmly led it. In Religion he would have strengthened the Church of England, but the larger Methodist Church resulted. In Politics he was a firm Tory and thought England had all the liberty desirable, but Methodism was to result in the development of liberal ideas and the rise of the working class movement. In Literature his tastes were Classical with Swift and Pope his ideals of Prose and Verse, but Methodism was to foster the return of Romanticism. We may close by quoting from the Preface :

'No evangel can live if cut from its roots. It is wise, therefore, to recall that early Methodist faith and practice were rooted and grounded in a rich cultural and devotional tradition.'

T. B. SHEPHERD.

Looking at Ireland. By Members of the Irish Christian Fellowship. (S.C.M. Press. 2s. 6d.)

While politicians are busy deplored or sometimes deepening gulfs that divide Irishmen, small groups are busy also, but as bridge-builders, seeking to unite opposites and remove fear and dislike. One such group is the Irish Christian Fellowship within whose ranks are found almost every variety of Protestant. Seven members of this movement have conjointly produced through the S.C.M. Press a volume which should be read by every Irishman and by some Englishmen. The title is *Looking at Ireland* (paper covers, 2s. 6d.). It contains 150 pages, every page of which says something that is alive and often, to certain readers, painful. It will provoke criticism in places. Miss Margaret Cunningham, Warden of Trinity Hall, Dublin, has the least controversial chapter entitled 'Our Inheritance' because it is a record of historical facts for every one to observe. The romantic beauty of the island is ours, 'the work of our old stonemasons, enamellers, silversmiths and illuminators, the designs in the *Book of Kells* or the *Book of Durrow*, the crosses at Monasterboice or Carndonagh, the doorway at Clonfert are not accidental but spring from qualities of thought and feeling'. Ireland contains a people that for weal or woe yearn for self-expression, they are political wild-goose or Christian missionaries. They think, not in logical

sequence but in concrete images, their idioms are a fusion of the physical and spiritual. Miss Cunningham instances James Stephens' *Crock of Gold*, AE, Yeats and Austin Clarke. Here criticism on the folly of compulsory Irish is in these words, 'No one, I think, who has the true spirit of a teacher, the ability to meet a child's mind, will approve of trying to quicken the thought of a child in a language with which it is not familiar'. When we come to Miss Huggard's chapter on 'Our Background', it is at once a gem in pure essay-writing and on a theme that would make a stoic weep. It is a résumé of Irish history since the Protestant reformation and as one reads these vivid pages of 'what-might-have-beens' and remembers that the three-hundred-year-old problem was brought up-to-date by the destruction of twenty-eight customs posts on the day the King and Queen last visited Belfast, one asks, can the understanding and higher synthesis even yet be reached? The attempt to see the way out is made in a chapter by the Rev. Fred Rea, of T.C.D. and Edgehill College, Belfast. His task is arduous, but in 'Protestantism in the new Ireland' English readers will find some candid writing and insight. Two quotations must indicate Mr. Rea's work. 'The need for Southern Protestantism is frankly to recognize that we are at the present in a minority, and having accepted that fact we can see what lessons may be learnt. We can seek to acquire a new hardiness of spirit. We can reassemble our forces so criminally divided into unnecessary denominations. We can learn a new discipline and loyalty. Above all we can lose the old ascendancy spirit and find a new humility.' The second quotation is: 'Northern Protestants determined at all costs to resist Home Rule and even when the voice of British democracy had spoken, they refused to bow to the majority vote and prepared to defend themselves by force of arms. In this they had the support of the Churches. But is the spiritual integrity of Protestantism dependent on its political ascendancy? Ought the Protestant Churches to demand the right at all costs to have political supremacy?' Mr. Rea's answer must be read on pages 58 to 65. 'Liberty in Ireland' is dealt with by the Rev. T. J. Johnston, a Dublin Rector. 'Our Attitude to Force', by the Rev. E. W. Greening, Editor of the *Church of Ireland Gazette*, 'The Social Order' by Mr. Arnold Marsh, a Quaker Headmaster in Waterford, 'Christianity and Culture', a second chapter by Miss Cunningham and a final chapter, 'A United Christian Church', by a well-known Presbyterian minister, the Rev. J. S. Rutherford of Kingstown. Space permits a word only on the last chapter. In view of the shifting of the Protestant population, Mr. Rutherford pleads for a new co-ordinated Church. 'This would profitably embrace a combination of Episcopal oversight, the Presbyterian system of church courts and ordained elders and the connexionalism of Methodism. . . . The combination of liturgical and non-liturgical elements in the services of worship would breathe new life into them and the features on which each Church has specialized in the past—the beauty and dignity of the Anglican service, the simplicity and solemnity of the Presbyterian one and the zeal and evangelistic

fervour of the Methodist—would greatly strengthen their appeal to all sorts and conditions of men.' This volume is too important to be overlooked by any serious reader who would wish to understand and help conditions in political and religious life in Ireland to-day.

ALEXANDER McCREA.

Religion and the Totalitarian State. By Sir Charles Grant Robertson, C.V.O., M.A., LL.D. The Beckly Lecture, 1937. (Epworth Press. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.)

The subject of the Beckly Lecture for 1937, *Religion and the Totalitarian State*, is certainly timely, and it has been dealt with by the lecturer, Sir Charles Grant Robertson, the Principal of Birmingham University, in a necessarily brief but entirely competent manner. To-day it is natural that the term Totalitarianism should chiefly suggest Germany; but the lecturer deals all through with the four main totalitarian States, Germany, Italy, Russia and Turkey. In clear and crisp language he lays down the three main principles common to all these: the complete subordination of the individual, the integration of all the activities of the State, and its instrument and end—power; might unblushingly claims to be right. In opposition to all this is the fundamental position of Christianity, as spiritual and as cosmopolitan. How can there be peace between Christianity and an authority which 'can dethrone God by a clause in the Penal Code'? Christianity, however, is sadly handicapped by its divisions; yet, such as it is, the totalitarian rulers are afraid of it, and rightly, as they seem to be afraid of nothing else; and in taking up the challenge, the Christian Church is defending not its own freedom merely, but all the freedom that there is in the world. The lecture is printed as it was delivered; but the second half of the book consists of seven valuable appendices dealing mainly, though not entirely, with Germany, and concluding with a valuable bibliography. Even with these, the book goes into nothing like the detail supplied in Dr. Keller's Beckly Lecture of 1936; and a sympathizer with the Nazis might complain that little notice has been taken of the arguments set up for the defence; arguments that amount to 'we are in the midst of a revolution; we are holding a wolf by the ears: and in a state of war, such as we find ourselves in at present, we can afford to make no concessions and give no quarter'. It is always wise to pay attention to the arguments of an opponent, even if they seem to be altogether wanting in cogency. In this instance, they will at least help to explain why so many persons in Germany, who, one would think, would, if they were allowed, react against the Nazi 'ideology' and its consequences, can be found to uphold them. But to refer to this aspect of the subject lay outside the scope of the lecture. What the book does, and does very successfully, is to make clear what is the nature of the challenge which is being flung at the Christian Church. Whether we are to be led by it to contemplate a war à l'outrance, political or cultural, or not, we cannot look on idly. The book should not only

be widely read : it should form the text for study circles and discussion groups where a real understanding of the issues at stake in the world to-day is desired.

The Perfect Master—Shri Meher Baba. By C. B. Purdom.
(Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.)

This is a weird account of a weird personality, still alive, an Indian 'holy man' of Parsi stock. His family regarded him as weak in the head but another holy man by throwing a stone and hitting him on the head relieved his spiritual agony! After various adventures, including conduct of a theatrical company and of a toddy shop, he launched out as a 'Master' and apparently has many devoted disciples, including some Europeans. Devoted they must be, for when he tells them to fast they do so, but he also compels them on occasion to over-eat, and 'with bent heads and wry faces, in breathless silence, they went on stuffing their stomachs'. He seems to have travelled round India and to have made several world tours, and though one learns little of the financial necessities of such excursions, the 'Master' seems to lack nothing in that way. When robbers stole the galvanized iron of Meher's cabin, he made two men take the sacred fire oath that he who had committed the robbery would die. One of them did so in eight days. On another occasion he made a disciple throw his bicycle in a well. Later this man fell into a well and escaped drowning. The bicycle was 'a gross exchange'. A good many pages are filled with the ecstatic raptures of a girl devotee's diary of her visit to the Master. Baba remarks quietly, 'I am God', and announces his mission to change the world, though not by founding a new religion. The chance reader who picks this book up will probably be bewildered and irritated by what will seem to him moonshine-madness. Those who know the East better will recognize what underlies the eccentricities and posturings, and will probably agree that, according to Asiatic standards, Meher is sincere enough. But there is much more evidence of Meher's personal oddities than of any world-saving gospel. 'He takes almost incredible quantities of luggage with him on his travels, most of it perhaps never being opened.' That shows, even in its triviality, the difference between Meher and the Man who did change the world upon a cross, leaving behind Him only the clothes for which the soldiers tossed the dice.

E. S. WATERHOUSE.

An Ambiguity of the word 'Good'. By E. F. Carrit.
(Humphrey Milford. 1s. 6d.)

The annual philosophical lecture of the Henriette Hertz Trust, British Academy, is a scholarly consideration of the word 'Good'. The reader's misuse and misinterpretation of the word becomes more obvious as the lecturer proceeds. This survey offers a salutary warning to all whose business is with words, and a fine mental exercise for the student.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

The Hibbert Journal (July).—The subjects of this issue are not so vigorously concerned with national and international problems. The first article is an answer to the lengthy declaration in the April number under the title, 'Why I do not go to Church!' In this answer the real reasons which keep men from Church are stated to be: indifference, absorption in pleasure or domestic pursuits, prejudice or ignorance, political antagonism to religion of any kind, and occasionally less reputable reasons. There is a plea that the time has come to revise the Prayer Book, and especially that its 'heavy solemnity' should be replaced by 'a spirit of grace, lightness and hopefulness', and a further desire is expressed by the author, Dr. Butterworth, himself a priest of the Church of England, that the 'services should become less of a one man business'. This article is followed by: 'The Church and the Recall,' by Reginald F. Rynd, late Reader of the Temple, who also has much to say about the impossible demand made by the Prayer Book on the intellectual veracity of many of the clergy. And the fear is expressed that 'the Established Church is too class-and caste-ridden an organization to put into effective touch with the mass of the nation'. Principal John Murray gives a particularly interesting account of his impressions of a visit to Germany, in which he points out how very complex Germany was, and that now she is more complex than ever before, 'being compounded of so much that is old with a great deal that is new and still being in hot process of revolution'. The Nazis 'leave nothing alone and do everything at once; and one sure nemesis—there are others—is nerves'. Then there are fascinating themes under the titles of 'Prophecy, Destiny and Population; Is Race a Reality?' by Professor E. W. Macbride; 'Religion and Communalism', by Dr. W. S. Urquhart; and a particularly pertinent study on 'The Re-action of Primitive Races to the White Man's Culture', by Professor A. P. Elkin, of Sydney, in which the assertion is made that work among the Aborigines is left largely to women preachers, and that organized Christian denominations seldom pay any attention whatever to them. There is the usual survey of recent literature.

The Expository Times.—It was a happy idea to invite competent authorities to write on the Beatitudes of the Bible. Their number is surprising, and is a striking proof of the hopefulness and assurance of our faith. In August Dr. Lofthouse wrote on 'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters'—the glory of sowing the good seed of the Kingdom in such soil as our thorn-choked age provides. 'The faith that would venture nothing, receives nothing, because it is not really faith at all. But when faith is there, what unexpected results will follow, "some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred", for the word of

God is like a hammer that breaketh the rock.' In September, Dr. Herbert G. Wood writes on the 'Beatitude of Faith in the Unseen', a very practical and suggestive study of the two beatitudes of the Fourth Gospel—'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed', and 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them'. The Notes of August introduce us to Dr. W. A. Visser 'T Hooft's *None Other Gods*, and give a summary of his striking contrast between God and Religion. Religion, as the modern man uses the term, is man-made and self-centred, and can give no reason for missionary enterprise. Only when the emphasis is laid on God, and on what He says and does, can we go out to speak of One whom we have ourselves come to know as Lord of life, and whose Reign we announce to the world. In the September issue there are noteworthy articles. Professor Forrester's 'Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism', and Dr. Jack's 'Recent Biblical Archaeology' are timely and helpful contributions. October will begin a new volume, and we invite the attention of our readers to prospective courses on 'Worship', and on the examination of recent social experiments under the general title of 'Christianity in Action'. Dr. Karl Barth will also write on 'The Basic Forms of Theological Thought'.

The Congregational Quarterly (July).—In 'Wanted: A Christian Way to deal with Difference of Conviction' Dr. William Adams Brown urges the need to discover in the religious sphere some substitute for the experimental method of science. Dr. W. B. Selbie has a valuable article on 'The Divine Initiative'. Other interesting contributions are—Rev. Gwilym O. Griffith's 'Political Liberalism and the Evangelical Faith', Mr. H. B. Shepherd's 'Sixty Years in a Pew', Mr. W. R. Niblett's 'Hazlitt Revisited', Mr. H. Channing Pearce on 'Guidance and Magic', and Mr. E. J. Roberts on 'A Medley of Misprints'. 'Developments and Experiments' include brief discussions on Denominations and Catholicity, Modern Pelagianism, and Education in the Pulpit and the Pew. The Editor writes 'On Reaching Fifty'. 'Foreign Impressions,' 'Current Literature' and 'Shorter Notices' are also features of an attractive number.

AMERICAN

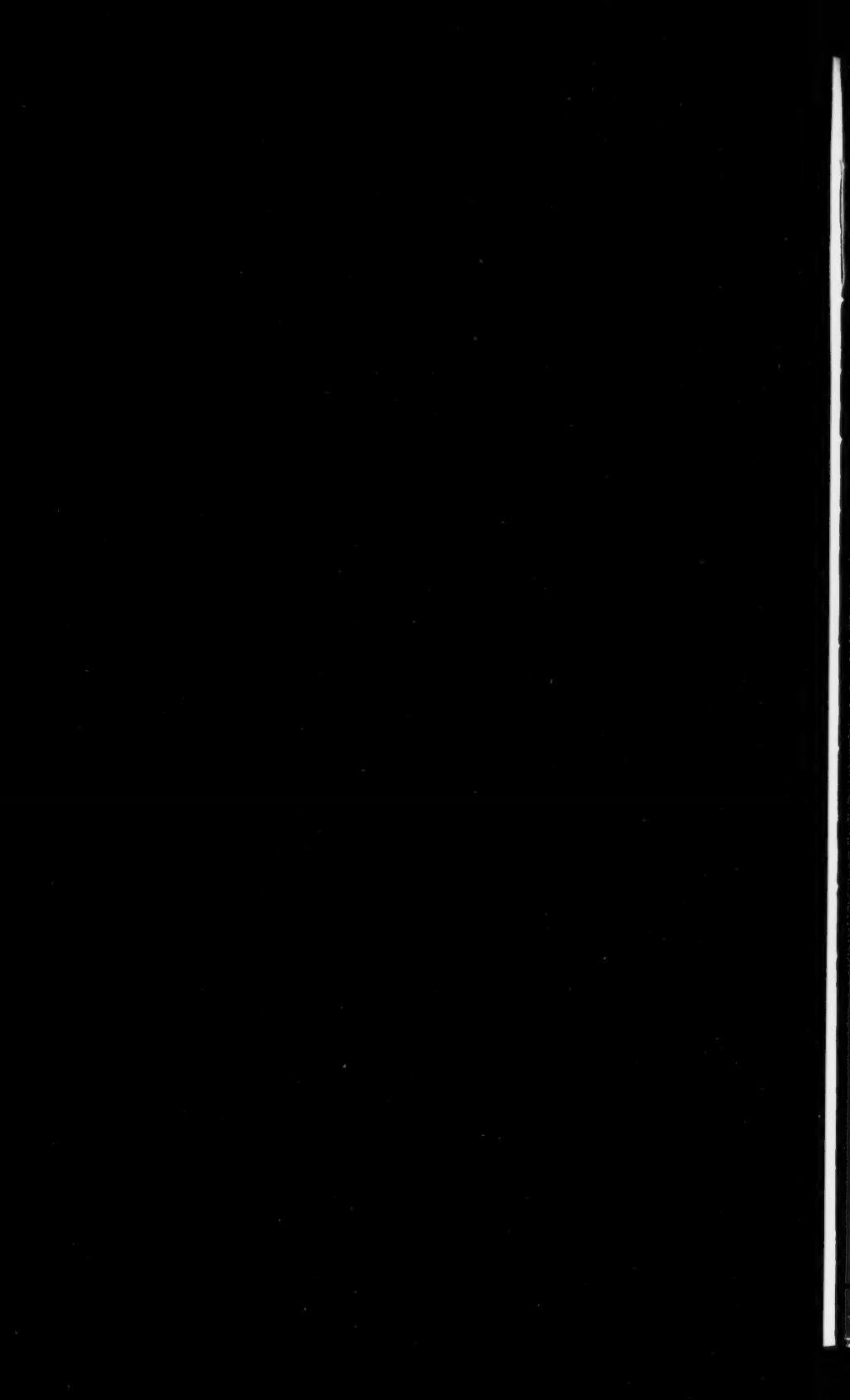
The Journal of Theological Studies (April and July).—The April number opens with the text and translation of a Coptic sermon attributed to St. Athanasius. The Rev. J. B. Bernardin gives us this treatment of a document found in a MS. in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. The sermon was written in the Sahidic dialect, with occasional Bohairic forms. The MS. is dated A.D. 855, but the sermon, which was evidently composed in Coptic, dates from the fourth century, and may actually have been written by Athanasius, who seems on other grounds to have known that language. Among the Notes and Studies we may call particular attention to Dr. Montgomery Hitchcock's article on Loofs' theory of Theophilus as a source of Irenaeus, Mr. H. C. Hoskier's study of the Chester-Beatty Codex of the Pauline Epistles, Dom R. H. Connolly's rejoinder to Canon Streeter with

respect to the dependence of the Didache upon Barnabas, and Dr. J. Hugh Michael's note on Har-magedon. Dr. Michael gives reasons for transposing the passage Rev. xvi. 13, 14, 16 to come between xix. 16 and xix. 17. There is an unusually instructive series of reviews of books, of which the most important is one by Dr. Idris Bell, based upon the edition which Carl Schmidt and Wilhelm Schubart have produced of the recently discovered papyrus containing considerable portions of the lost Greek original of the *Acta Pauli*. The number for July, 1937, contains as its article a study by Canon Streeter of the early ancestry of the Textus Receptus of the Gospels. The Notes and Studies have several interesting contributions. Dr. Hitchcock continues his examination of Loofs' theory of Theophilus of Antioch. Mr. C. C. Tarelli has a suggestive note on the bearing of historical Greek grammar upon the textual criticism of the Gospels. There is again a long and valuable set of reviews.

The Harvard Theological Review (July).—This number contains four articles. Dr. Campbell Bonner, of the University of Michigan, writes about 'Some Phases of Religious Feeling in Later Paganism'; Professor W. H. P. Hatch considers the 'Subscription in the Chester-Beatty MS. of the Harclean Gospels'; Professor R. V. G. Tasker resumes his valuable investigation into the relation between the Chester-Beatty Papyrus and the Caesarean Text of John. Finally, Professor H. J. Rose, of St. Andrews, writes about the 'Oath of Philippus' and the *Di Indigetes*.

Religion in Life (Summer Number) provides a varied diet for its readers. There are two biographical essays, one by Dr. Glenn Atkins of D. L. Moody, the other by Vernon P. Bodein of Walter Rauschenbusch, whose books began to make a stir in this country rather more than a quarter-of-a-century ago. Three articles seem to form a series: Professor Paul Tillich discusses 'The Church and Communism', Dr. Cornelius Krusé writes about 'The Church and Facism', whilst Professor Georgia E. Harkness discourses about 'The Church and Democracy'. The well-known New Testament scholar, Dean F. C. Grant, has an interesting article, 'Presenting Religion to Youth'. Of the remaining articles we may mention one written from Edinburgh on 'Intercessory Prayer', and one written by a minister who has had pastoral experience in Canada and journalistic experience in the States on the subject, 'Church Union in Canada and in the United States'. Dr. R. Birch Hoyle tries to sum up in a quarterly survey Recent Theological Books: British and Continental. Such a comprehensive review is bound to be superficial. The specific book reviews are for the most part competent and well written. This is a lively periodical.





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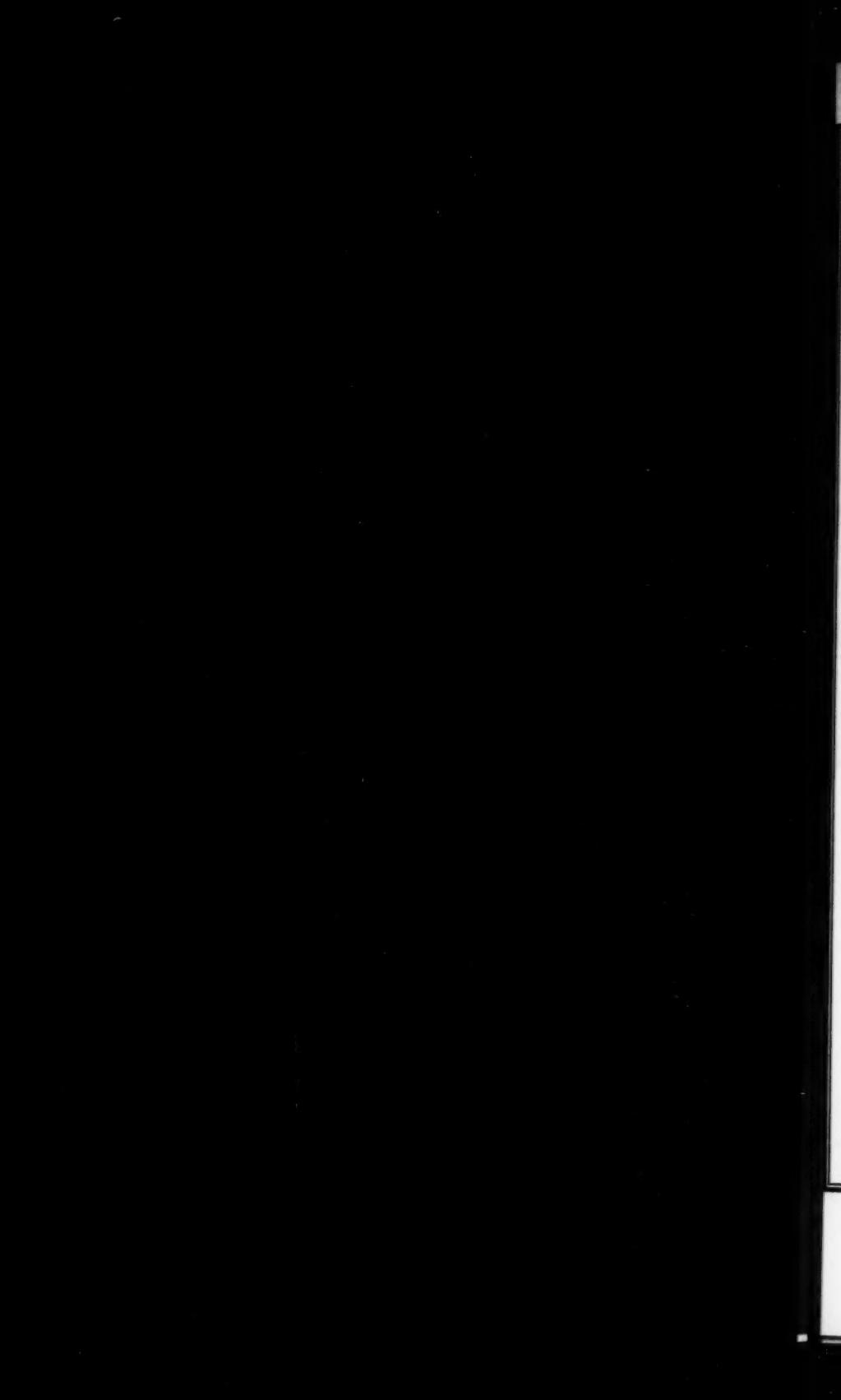
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